THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. JONATH. SWIFT,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

IN FOUR VOLUMES. 882

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

------Two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conſpire to raiſe thee to the point of fame.
Ye future Times! I heard the ſilver ſound,
I ſaw the Graces form a circle round:
Each where ſhe fix'd attentive ſeem'd to root,
And all but Eloquence herſelf was mute.
From out her breaſt ('twas there the treaſure lay)
She drew thy Labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms ſhe could inſpire,
And taught the liſt'ning audience to admire-----
Then here, ſhe cries, let future ages dwell,
And learn to copy where they can't excel-----
O SWIFT! if fame be life (as well we know
That bards and heroes have eſteem'd it ſo)
Thou can'ſt not wholly die; thy Works will ſhine
To future times, and life in fame be thine. PARNELL.

VOL. IV.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

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DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.
VOL. IV.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

FROM 1689 TO 1739, WITHOUT DATE.

Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much ſatire in his vein,
And ſeem'd determin'd not to ſtarve it,
Becauſe no age could more deſerve it:
Yet malice never was his aim;
He laſh'd the vice, but ſpar'd the name——
Vice, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
Muſt be or ridicul'd or laſh'd——
As for his Works in verſe or proſe,
I own myſelf no judge of thoſe;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view deſign'd,
To pleaſe and to reform mankind;
And if he often miſs'd his aim,
The world muſt own it, to their ſhame,
The praiſe is his, and theirs the blame.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF SWIFT.

EDINBURG:
[A]T THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

SCELLANEOUS POEMS,

FROM 1689 to 1739, WITHOUT DATE.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE knows, with equal eaſe,
How to vex and how to pleaſe,
But the folly of her ſex
Makes her ſole delight to vex.
Never woman more deviſ'd
Surer ways to be deſpis'd;
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To diſpute her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments ſhe lays on,
And with cavils combats reaſon;
Anſwers in deciſive way,
Never hears what you can ſay;
Still her odd perverſeneſs ſhows
Chiefly where ſhe nothing knows,
And where ſhe is moſt familiar,
Always peeviſher and ſillier;
All her ſpirits in a flame,
When ſhe knows ſhe's moſt to blame.
  Send me hence ten thouſand miles
From a face that always ſmiles;
None could ever act that part
But a fury in her heart.

Ye who hate ſuch inconſiſtence,
To be eaſy keep your diſtance,
Or in folly ſtill befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her.
Loſe not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her:
Never take it in your thought
That ſhe'll own or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then, perhaps, you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to adviſe her wrong,
And reprove her when ſhe's right;
She may then grow wiſe for ſpite.
No—that ſcheme will ne'er ſucceed,
She has better learn'd her creed;
She's too cunning and too ſkilful
When to yield and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth and one for errors;
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful,
This is flatt'ring and delightful;
That ſhe throws away as foul,
Sits by this to dreſs her ſoul.
Thus you have the caſe in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you;
Heav'n forbid he ſhould deſpiſe thee,
But will never more adviſe thee.

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

Ætatis suæ fifty-two,
A rich divine began to woo
A handſome young imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.
Her parents and her friends conſent;
The couple to the temple went.
They firſt invite the Cyprian Queen,
'Twas anſwer'd She would not be ſeen:
The Graces next, and all the Muſes,
Were bid in form, but ſent excuſes.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch,
While Mrs. Iris held her train,
The faded bow diſtilling rain;
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But ſhew'd no more than half her face.
Whate'er thoſe dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was ſpent;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promiſe nothing for the night.
The bridegroom dreſt, to make a figure
Aſſumes an artificial vigour;
A flouriſht nightcap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, ſmiling, face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.

And thus ſet out this happy pair,
The ſwain is rich, the nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The ſwain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together ſtart,
Scarce run a ſtep before they part,
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Leſs correſponding than their years.
Her ſpouſe deſires his coffee ſoon,
She riſes to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glaſs conſults her looks;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord! what a dreſs theſe parſons wear!
So odd a choice how could ſhe make?
Wiſh'd him a col'nel for her ſake:
Then on her fingers' ends ſhe counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
"The Dean," ſhe heard her uncle ſay,
"Is ſixty, if he be a day;
"His ruddy cheeks are no diſguiſe;
"You ſee the crow's feet round his eyes."
At one ſhe rambles to the ſhops
To cheapen tea and talk with fops,
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradeſmen, to compare brocades.

Her weighty morning bus'neſs o'er,
Sits down to dinner juſt at four;
Minds nothing that is done or ſaid,
Her ev'ning work ſo fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is maukiſh, and his ſtomach gone;
In threadbare gown would ſcarce a louſe hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his houſehold;
Beholds her from the chaplain's place
In French brocades and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never aſks, or aſks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the ſneaking parſon's airs,
Computes that half a pariſh dues
Will hardly find his wife in ſhoes.
Can'ſt thou imagine, dull Divine!
'Twill gain her love to make her fine?
Hath ſhe no other wants beſide?
You raiſe deſire as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to deſpiſe thee more.
If in her coach ſhe'll condeſcend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoiſt above his noſe,
His odious gown would ſoil her clothes,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While ſhe drives on to ſee the play.

He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hafting to the ball;
Her chairmen pufh him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up ftairs,
And calls the family to pray'rs;
Then goes alone to take his reft
In bed, where he can fpare her beft.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her Ladyfhip is juft come in;
The mafquerade began at two,
She ftole away with much ado,
And fhall be chid this afternoon
For leaving company fo foon:
She'll fay, and fhe may truly fay't,
She can't abide to ftay out late.
But now, tho' fcarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice mifcarry'd:
The caufe, alas! is quickly gueft,
The Town has whifper'd round the jeft.
Think on fome remedy in time,
You find his Rev'rence paft his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath;
No other way but try the Bath.
For Venus, rifing from the ocean,
Infus'd a ftrong prolific notion,
That mixt with Achelaus' fpring,
The horned flood, as poets fing,

Who with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain,
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught,
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For husbands past their youth to find;
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd ev'ry morn
To drink in Achelaus' horn:
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.

Hither, tho' much against the grain,
The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent.
His money spent! a clownish reason;
And must my Lady slip her season?
The Doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.

Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my Lady's case,
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise;
His money and her time employs
In music, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft' have found one there;

Where, if the Dean by chance appears,
It ſhames his caſſoc and his years:
He keeps his diſtance in the gallery,
Till baniſh'd by ſome coxcomb's raillery;
For t'wou'd his character expoſe
To bathe among the belles and beaus.
So I have ſeen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foſter'd by a hen,
But when let out they run and muddle,
As inſtinct leads them, in a puddle:
The ſober hen, not born to ſwim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
The Dean with all his beſt endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the laſt eſſays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he leſs?) his whole eſtate.
The widow goes thro' all her forms;
New lovers now will come in ſwarms.
Oh, may I ſee her ſoon diſpenſing
Her favours to ſome broken enſign!
Him let her marry for his face,
And only coat of tarniſh'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And ſpend her jointure on his whores;
But, for a parting preſent, leave her
A rooted pox to laſt for ever.

THE BROKEN MUG.

A TALE.

How ſhall I now the Nine invoke,
Since all my comfort's crack'd and broke?
Then let my ſorrows have ſome vent,
Proportion'd to my diſcontent.
In all affairs of human life,
So intermix'd with joy and ſtrife,
My Mug ſtill ſweeten'd all my care,
My ſorrows ſtill were drowned there:
This with an honeſt jolly friend
To anxious thoughts could put an end,
Which ſtill clos'd up the toils of day,
And made the minutes glide away;
But now I have no Mug to drink,
Nor ſcarce the pow'r to write or think.
Aſſiſt, ye Nymphs! with wit and ſkill
A native of Parnaſſus' Hill,
Who now implores the ſacred Nine
To raiſe his thoughts in ev'ry line.
Your property is not to ſtint,
Or give a Mug with nothing in't.
Since Bards are ſubject to be dry,
We beg, before our ſkill we try,
A draught of the Caſtalian ſpring,
To clear our pipes before we ſing.

This Mug, which I lament in tears,
Hath ſerv'd me well for many years.
That uſeful piece of furniture
Is broke and ſhatter'd paſt all cure;
Nor can it ere be hoop'd with tin,
As other broken Mugs have been,
Whoſe ruptures, cur'd by tinker's truſs,
Are ſtill of ſpecial uſe to us.
But now, alas! 'tis all in vain
To join thy particles again.
What coſt would I on thee beſtow
To have thee now *in ſtatu quo?*
Thou, Mug! the ſubject of my ſong,
Should'ſt not lie ſtill, nor empty long;
In ſilver hoops thou ſhould'ſt appear,
Well tipp'd, and frothing full of beer,
Whoſe fragrant bubbles gently fall,
Till by degrees contracted ſmall,
They on thy centre form a roſe
So grateful to our eyes and noſe,
Whoſe mantling juice does far outſhine
The ſparkling of the choiceſt wine.
It was a family old Mug,
At which our friends did often tug;
'Twas bought when I was but a youth,
And Granny ſays, upon her truth,
A finer Mug was never bought,
Altho' it coſt her but a groat.

The potter ſurely play'd his part,
For 'twas a maſterpiece of art :
He form'd it of well-temper'd ſtuff,
To make it durable and tough :
The concave and the convex white
Appear'd moſt pleaſing to the ſight :
'Twould puzzle Euclid or Deſcart
To take dimenſions of each part.
The baſe whereon it ſtood was round,
The reſt with various ſhapes abound ;
Not truly ſpherical nor conic,
Cylindrical nor parabolic ;
All from the bottom to the ear
Was like the *fruſtrum* of a ſphere ;
The reſt much like that of a cone,
To which was fix'd one ear alone ;
Tho' one ſhould think another lug
Might well become ſo large a Mug.
But be it known unto you, Sirs,
Some modern wiſe geometers
Thought it a ſurer way and quicker,
To fill the Mug with humming liquor,
Then handing it from north to ſouth,
They took the gauge by word of mouth ;
For when it went full nine times round,
By long experience they found
It held two quarts by eſtimation,
And ſome few tenths by calculation.

Then to complete what they begun
They inch'd it like a brewer's tun,
And in a minute would defcry
Their fev'ral inches wet or dry.
They eftimated near enough
A conic or cylindric hoof;
Whene'er the Mug was on a ftoop,
They told the ullage to a fup.
  It ferv'd a double 'prenticefhip,
And never got a crack or flip,
Until by chance the other day,
(To fhew the frailty of our clay)
It got a moft unlucky fall,
Which may be warning to us all;
For let us live to Neftor's age,
We muft at laft go off the ftage.
'Twas made in Anna's glorious reign,
And always kept both fweet and clean;
Her health was often drank thereout,
In March or in October ftout.
It went about juft with the fun,
And in a circle ftill did run.
'Twould drain a cellar ere fo deep,
And from an innundation keep
That quarter of the own, you know,
Where high fpring-tides do overflow;
For in a day it would exhale
The Lord knows how much beer or ale.

Nor could it loſe its virtue quite
Till it was nine or ten at night.
It was a planet without doubt,
For day and night it went about,
And had its periodic times
As regular as Chriſt-church chimes.
Then by nocturnal obſervation,
We found its virtue and pulſation;
(When like the ſea it ebb'd and flow'd)
Its various operations ſhow'd,
And diff'rent influence on men,
About the hours of eight and ten.
'Twas on a day, ſome friends and I
Were ſeated on Parnaſſus high.
My friends began to hem and cough,
With voices hoarſe and very rough,
By long debating *pro* and *con*
Whether the earth mov'd or the ſun?
Who writ the beſt philoſophy
Copernicus or Ptolomy?
Whether they were not both outdone
By Newton's Principles alone?
Tho' now the mode, 'tis not my way
To entertain my friends with tea.
We bards don't love our drink too new,
Nor can we ſpare the time to brew:
We uſe no tea nor coffee here,
They're both inſipid, and too dear;

They never can clear up the brain,
Or put us in a merry vein :
To ſome they give ill-natur'd fits,
While baſe detractors paſs for wits;
From whoſe vile cenſure who is free?
All ſuffer by their raſh decree.
I gueſs'd my brother bards were dry,
Then begg'd a nymph who lives hard by
To haſte to Helicon in haſte
And bring the Mug full of the beſt.
In haſte as ſhe tripp'd down the ſtairs
With graceful air, but unawares,
Precipitating on her hoop,
As ſhe ran downwards made her ſtoop;
Down fell the nymph, the Mug, and all,
The loſs was great, and great the fall:
The nymph return'd with nimble foot,
But got her finger ſorely cut.
The tidings told with panting breath,
How ſhe eſcap'd a ſudden death,
The ſhatter'd limbs—Oh dire miſhap!
She brought up gather'd in her lap,
With fractures of the Mug ſo ſmall,
No art could ere cement them all.
  Thou beſt of Mugs! adieu, adieu!
Since I am doom'd to follow you;
I am but clay, and ſo wert thou:
When I go off, or where, or how,

I cannot tell; but ſtill muſt ſtrive
To keep this microcoſm alive;
To wet my clay as it grows dry,
Leſt it ſhould into atoms fly.

ON PADDY'S CHARACTER

OF THE INTELLIGENCER.

As a thorn-buſh or oaken-bough,
Stuck in an Iriſh cabin's brow,
Above the door, at country-fair,
Betokens entertainment there,
So bays on poets' brows have been
Set for a ſign of wit within:
And as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an alehouſe-buſh for ſpite,
The laurel ſo, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which tears
Thoſe ſacred leaves that lightning ſpares.
And now t' exemplify this moral,
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel,
(Which meaſur'd on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But like a girl's cockade, was ty'd
A trophy on his temple-ſide)
Paddy repin'd to ſee him wear
This badge of honour in his hair,
And thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,

Forming his Muſe by Medley's model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verſe and proſe,
Hums like a hornet at his noſe,
At length preſumes to vent his ſatire on
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The Eagle in the tale, ye know,
Teaz'd by a buzzing Waſp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to reſt
Securely in the Thund'rer's breaſt:
In vain; even there, to ſpoil his nod,
The ſpiteful inſect ſtung the god.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

Logicians have but ill defin'd,
As rational, the human-kind;
Reaſon, they ſay, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wiſe Ariſtotle and Smigleſius,
By ratiocinations ſpecious,
Have ſtrove to prove with great preciſion,
With definition and diviſion,
Homo eſt ratione prædítum,
But for my ſoul I cannot credit 'em,
And muſt, in ſpite of them, maintain
That man and all his ways are vain,
And that this boaſted lord of Nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;

That inſtinct is a ſurer guide
Than reaſon-boaſting mortals' pride;
And that brute beaſts are far before 'em,
Deus eſt anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honeſt brute
At law his neighbour proſecute?
Bring action for aſſault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics diſturb their mind;
They eat their meals and take their ſport,
Nor know who's in or out at court:
They never to the levee go
To treat as deareſt friend a foe;
They never importune his Grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob:
Fraught with invective, they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noſter-row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancingmaſters,
No pickpockets or poetaſters,
Are known to honeſt quadrupeds;
No ſingle brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beaſts it is confeſs'd the ape
Comes neareſt us in human ſhape;

Like man he imitates each fafhion,
And malice is his ruling paffion;
But both in malice and grimaces
A courtier any ape furpaffes:
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minifter of ftate;
View him foon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of fuperiors:
He promifes with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators;
At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their mafters' manners ftill contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act.
Thus at the court both great and fmall
Behave alike, for all ape all.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

I.

Oh! heav'nly born! in deepeft dells
If faireft Science ever dwells
Beneath the moffy cave,
Indulge the verdure of the woods,
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flow'ry carpets lave;

II.

For melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the fylvan fcenes

With ſcientific light;
While Dian, huntreſs of the vales,
Seeks lulling ſounds and fanning gales,
Tho' rapt from mortal ſight.

III.

Yet, Goddeſs! yet the way explore,
With magic rites and Heathen lore
Obſtructed and depreſs'd,
'Till Wiſdom give the ſacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninſpir'd, to ſhine,
By reaſon's power redreſs'd.

IV.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
To moralize the human thought
Of mad Opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws.
Thy charms, O Liberty! the cauſe
That blends congenial rays.

V.

Bid bright Aſtrea gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred ſuns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac ſyſtem rolls,
In vain the lunar ſphere.

VI.

Come, faireſt Princeſs of the throng!
Bring ſweet Philoſophy along

In metaphyſic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
In Heliconian ſtreams.

VII.

Drive Thraldom, with malignant hand,
To curſe ſome other deſtin'd land
By Folly led aſtray:
Ierne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her ſoar and ſing
Thy univerſal ſway.

VIII.

So when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majeſtic ſound aſpire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To ſculpture turn'd by magic ſound
And petrifying ſong.

THE PUPPETSHOW.

I.

The life of man to repreſent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a Puppetſhow invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

II.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worſhip was to Puppets paid;

In antic dreſs the idol ſtood,
And prieſts and people bow'd the head.

III.

No wonder then if art began
The ſimple votaries to frame,
To ſhape in timber fooliſh man,
And conſecrate the block to fame.

IV.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might riſe from human forms,
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches iſſue from the arms.

V.

Thus Dædalus, and Ovid too,
That man's a blockhead have confeſt;
Powel and Stretch * the hint purſue:
Life is a farce, the world a jeſt.

VI.

The ſame great truth South-Sea hath prov'd
On that fam'd theatre the Alley,
Where thouſands, by Directors mov'd,
Are now ſad monuments of folly.

VII.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The ſame a Harlequin is now;
The former was buffoon above,
The latter is a Punch below.

* Two puppetſhow men.

VIII.

This fleeting ſcene is but a ſtage
Where various images appear:
In diff'rent parts of youth and age
Alike the prince and peaſant ſhare.

IX.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
Falſe pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legiſlators rang'd in ſtate
Are oft' but wiſdom in machine.

X.

A ſtock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place;
A ſtatue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

XI.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere ſpring of wires they play,
And ſpeak in language not their own.

XII.

Too oft', alas! a ſcolding wife
Uſurps a jolly fellow's throne,
And many drink the cup of life
Mix'd and imbitter'd by a Joan.

XIII.

In ſhort, whatever men purſue
Of pleaſure, folly, war, or love,

This mimic race brings all to view;
Alike they dreſs, they talk, they move.

XIV.

Go on, great Stretch! with artful hand,
Mortals to pleaſe and to deride,
And when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou ſhalt put on a Puppet's pride.

XV.

Thou ſhalt in puny wood be ſhown;
Thy image ſhall preſerve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth ſhall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

XVI.

Tell Tom he draws a farce in vain,
Before he looks in Nature's glaſs;
Puns cannot form a witty ſcene,
Nor pedantry for humour paſs.

XVII.

To make men act as ſenſeleſs wood,
And chatter in a myſtic ſtrain,
Is a mere force on fleſh and blood,
And ſhews ſome error in the brain.

XVIII.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy ſtage into a ſchool,
The jeſt of Punch will ever be,
And ſtand confeſt the greater fool.

ON PSYCHE*.

At two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the fire:
So loit'ring, so active, so busy, so idle,
Which hath she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound out-runs the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place. 6
She gives you such plenty it puts you in pain,
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To please you she knows how to chuse a nice bit,
For her taste is almost as refin'd as her wit. 10
To oblige a good friend she will trace ev'ry market,
It would do your heart good to see how she'll cark it:
Yet beware of her arts, for it plainly appears
She saves half her victuals by feeding your ears. 14

TO

MRS. HOUGHTON OF BORMOUNT,

UPON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT.

You always are making a god of your spouse,
But this neither reason nor conscience allows;
Perhaps you will say 'tis in gratitude due, 3
And you adore him because he adores you.

* Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious well-bred lady, wife to Mr. John Sican, an eminent grocer in Dublin.

Your argument's weak, and ſo you will find,
For you, by this rule, muſt adore all mankind.

ON THE COLLAR OF
MRS. DINGLEY'S LAPDOG.

Pray ſteal me not, I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whoſe heart in this fourfooted thing lies.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER*.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

Delany reports it, and he has a ſhrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and the cow-dung;
We lye cramming ourſelves, and are ready to burſt,
Yet ſtill are no wiſer than we were at firſt.
Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely muſt tell ye,
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.
Tho' Delany adviſ'd you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadley of Bangor.
I muſt now, at one ſitting, pay off my old ſcore;
How many to anſwer? One, two, three, four:
But becauſe the three former are long ago paſt,
I ſhall, for method ſake, begin with the laſt.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up demands the riſing blow:

* All the humour of this poem is loſt, by the impoſſibility of printing it left-handed, as it was wrote.

Yet I know a young rogue that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, "Sirrah, yield."
So the French, when our generals ſoundly did pay 'em,
Went triumphant to church, and ſang ſtoutly *Te Deum:*
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run a-ground,
Comes off by outlaughing the company round.
In ev'ry vile pamphlet you'll read the ſame fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our further advances.
My offers of peace you ill underſtood;
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?
'Twas to teach you in moderate language your duty,
For were you a dog I could not be rude t'ye.
As a good quiet ſoul, who no miſchief intends,
To a quarrelſome fellow cries, "Let us be friends."
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight,
The oft'ner you fall, the oft'ner you write;
And I'll uſe you as he did that over-grown clown,
I'll firſt take you up, and then take you down:
And 'tis your own caſe, for you never can wound
The worſt dunce in your ſchool till he's heav'd from
the ground.

I beg your pardon for uſing my left hand, but I was in great haſte, and the other hand was employed at the ſame time in writing ſome letters of buſineſs.

September 20. 1718.

I will ſend you the reſt when I have leiſure, but pray come to dinner with the company you met here laſt.

TO A FRIEND,

Who had been much abuſed in many different libels.

THE greateſt monarch may be ſtabb'd by night,
And Fortune help the murd'rer in his flight;
The vileſt ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet ſafe from injur'd innocence eſcape;
And Calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greateſt merit wound.
  What's to be done? Shall Wit and Learning chuſe
To live obſcure, and have no fame to loſe,
By Cenſure frighted out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to uſe the gifts by Heav'n beſtow'd,
Or fearleſs enter in thro' Virtue's gate,
And buy diſtinction at the deareſt rate?

THE WINDSOR PROPHESY*.

ABOUT three months ago, at Windſor, a Poor Knight's widow was buried in the cloyſters. In digging the grave the ſexton ſtruck againſt a ſmall leaden coffer, about half a foot in length, and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had diſcovered a treaſure, opened it with ſome difficulty, but found only a ſmall parchment, rolled up very faſt, put into a leather caſe, which caſe was tied at the top, and ſealed with a St. George, the impreſſion on black wax very rude and Gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old Engliſh letter, and in the orthography of the age, which ſeems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a ſhift to obtain a copy of it, but the tranſcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the ſpelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. W——, F. R. S. where, I ſuppoſe, the curious will not be refuſed the ſatisfaction of ſeeing it.

The lines ſeem to be a ſort of propheſy, and written in verſe, as old propheſies uſually are, but in a very hob-

* It is well known that Queen Anne had nominated Dr. Swift to an Engliſh biſhopric, which was oppoſed by Dr. Sharpe, Archbiſhop of York, and the Ducheſs of Somerſet, who had prevailed on his Grace to go with her to the Queen to lay aſide the nomination, which her Majeſty refuſed; but the Ducheſs falling on her knees, and ſhewing the following Propheſy to her Majeſty, the biſhopric was given to another. See the Poem, The Author on himſelf.

bling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present.

WHEN a holy black Swede *, the son of Bob,
With a saint at his chin and a seal at his fob,
Shall not see one new-year's-day in that year †,
Then let old Englond make good cheer:
Windsor and Bristow then shall be
Joined together in the Low-Countree.
Then shall the tall black Deventry bird ‡
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his conying wit,
For many good groats his tongue shall slit.
But spight of the Harpy ‖ that crawls on all four,
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more:
But Englond must cry Alack and well-a-day!
If the stick be taken from the Dead Sea.

* Dr. Robinson, Bishop of Bristol, was one of the Plenipotentiaries at the Peace of Utrecht.

† There was eleven days' difference between the old and new style, the latter received at Utrecht before this bishop went thither, but which did not take place in Great Britain and Ireland until Sept. 2. 1752, when eleven days were omitted, and the next day was called Sept. 14. The Bishop, therefore, set out from England before Jan. 1. O. S.

‡ Earl of Nottingham.

‖ Duke of Marlborough.

And dear Englond, if aught I underſtand,
Beware of carrots from Northumberland *.
Carrots ſown Thynne † a deep root may get,
If ſo be they are in Sommer ſet:
Their Conyngs ‡ mark thou, for I have been told
They aſſaſſine when young, and poiſon when old.
Root out theſe carrots, O thou whoſe name
Is backwards and forwards always the ſame ‖!
And keep cloſe to thee always that name
Which backwards and forwards ⸸ is almoſt the ſame.
And, Englond, wouldſt thou be happy ſtill,
Bury thoſe carrots under a Hill ⊹.

* Lady Elizabeth Percy, ſole daughter and heir of Joceline Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was married to Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerſet.

† Thomas Thynne, Eſq. a gentleman of very great eſtate, who was courting the above lady, after the death of her firſt huſband Henry Cavendiſh, Earl of Ogle, only ſon to Henry Duke of Newcaſtle, who died before he was of age to cohabit with her, being ſet upon in the Hay-market, London, was murdered by Count Coningſmark, a Poliſh nobleman (who paid his addreſſes to this lady, but was refuſed) and two ruffians, who ſhot Mr. Thynne in his coach. The Count made his eſcape, but the others were hanged. There is a monument in Weſtminſter-Abbey erected to the memory of Mr. Thynne, upon an entablature of which this tranſaction of his murder is repreſented.

‡ Count Coningſmark.

‖ Anna Regina.

⸸ Lady Maſham.

⊹ Lady Maſham's maiden name was Hill.

TO THE REV. MR. DAN. JACKSON.

To be humbly presented by Mr. Sheridan in perſon, with reſpect, care, and ſpeed.

To be delivered by and with Mr. Sheridan.

DEAR DAN! I.

HERE I return my truſt, nor aſk
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my taſk
Pray ſend me an acquittance.

II.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the ſky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be ſtander-by.

III.

Not all the witty things you ſpeak
In compaſs of a day,
Not half the puns you make a-week,
Should bribe his longer ſtay.

IV.

With me you left him out at nurſe
Yet are you not my debtor,
For as he hardly can be worſe,
I ne'er could make him better.

V.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Juſt as he did before,

And when he's laſh'd a hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

VI.

When rods are laid on ſchoolboys' bums,
The more they friſk and ſkip,
The ſchoolboys' top but louder hums
The more they uſe the whip.

VII.

Thus a lean beaſt beneath a load
(A beaſt of Iriſh breed)
Will, in a tedious dirty road,
Outgo the prancing ſteed.

VIII.

You knock him down, and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye;
For ſoon as he gets up again
He'll ſtrut, and cry *Victoria!*

IX.

At ev'ry ſtroke of mine he fell;
'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd;
But his impenetrable ſhell
Could feel no harm beſide.

X.

The tortoiſe thus, with motion ſlow,
Will clamber up a wall,
Yet, ſenſeleſs to the hardeſt blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

XI.

Dear Dan! then, why ſhould you or I
Attack his pericrany?
And ſince it is in vain to try,
We'll ſend him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean Tom, when I ſaw him, laſt week, on his horſe
awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to ſtone with his ſorcery;
But I think, little Dan, that in ſpite of what our foe ſays,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoſes:
For omitting the firſt (where I make a compariſon,
With a ſort of alluſion to Putland or Harriſon)
Yet by my deſcription you'll find he in ſhort is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoiſe:
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will aſk, can
I maul
This teazing, conceited, rude, inſolent, animal?
And if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I ſhould then be glad of it.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER TO PAULUS,

Some Verſes written by Mr. Lyndſay.

LYNDSAY miſtakes the matter quite,
And honeſt Paulus judges right:
Then why theſe quarrels to the ſun,
Without whoſe aid you're all undone?

Did Paulus e'er complain of ſweat?
Did Paulus e'er the ſun forget,
The influence of whoſe golden beams
Soon licks up all unſav'ry ſteams?
The ſun, you ſay, his face hath kiſt:
It has; but then it greas'd his fiſt.
True lawyers, for the wiſeſt ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends;
Not for his ſuperficial powers
Of ripening fruits or gilding flowers,
Nor for inſpiring poets' brains,
With pennyleſs and ſtarvling ſtrains;
Not for his boaſted healing art;
Not for his ſkill to ſhoot the dart;
Nor yet becauſe he ſweetly fiddles;
Not for his propheſies in riddles;
But for a more ſubſtantial cauſe;
Apollo's patron of the laws,
Whom Paulus ever muſt adore,
As parent of the golden ore.
  By Phœbus an inceſtuous birth,
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;
By Phœbus firſt produc'd to light,
By Vulcan form'd ſo round and bright,
Then offer'd at the ſhrine of Juſtice,
By clients to her prieſts and truſtees;
Nor, when we ſee Aſtræa ſtand
With even balance in her hand,

Muſt we ſuppoſe ſhe hath in view
How to give every man his due;
Her ſcales you ſee her only hold,
To weigh her prieſts', the lawyers' gold.
Now ſhould I own your caſe was grievous,
Poor ſweaty Paulus! who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At leaſt, that ſuch complaints are wiſe.
'Tis wiſe, no doubt, as clients fat ye more,
To cry, like ſtateſmen, *Quanta patimur?*
But ſince the truth muſt needs be ſtretched,
To prove that lawyers are ſo wretched,
This paradox I'll undertake
For Paulus and for Lyndſay's ſake.
By topics which, tho' I abomine 'em,
May ſerve as arguments *ad hominem*,
Yet I diſdain to offer thoſe
Made uſe of by detracting foes:
I own the curſes of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind;
The clamours of ten thouſand tongues
Break not his reſt, nor hurt his lungs.
I own his conſcience always free,
Provided he has got his fee.
Secure of conſtant peace within,
He knows no guilt who knows no ſin.
Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always over-witted:

And tho' the Gofpel feems to fay
What heavy burthens lawyers lay
Upon the fhoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to the labour,
Always for faving their own bacon,
No doubt the text is here miftaken:
The copy's falfe, and fenfe is rackt;
To prove it I appeal to fact,
And thus by demonftration fhow
What burthens lawyers undergo.
With early clients at his door,
Tho' he was drunk the night before,
And crop-fick with unclubb'd for wine,
The wretch muft be at court by nine,
Half funk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag;
Then from the bar harangues the bench,
In Englifh vile and viler French,
And Latin, vileft of the three,
And all for poor ten moidores' fee.
Of paper how is he profufe!
With periods long, in terms abftrufe,
What pains he takes to be prolix!
A thoufand lines to ftand for fix;
Of common fenfe without a word in,
And is not this a grievous burden?
The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our caufe before the judge;

And, what is yet a greater curſe,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purſe,
While he, at eaſe, ſecure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night:
When term is ended leaves the town,
Trots to his country-manſion down,
And, diſencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Deſpiſeth rapparees, and rides
Safe thro' the Newry mountains' ſides.
Lyndſay! 'tis you have ſet me on,
To ſtate this queſtion *pro* and *con.*
My ſatire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.
  I own there may in ev'ry clan,
Perhaps, be found one honeſt man,
Yet, link them cloſe, in this they jump,
To be but ſharpers in the lump.
Imagine Lyndſay at the bar,
He's much the ſame his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe,
And in his client's juſt defence
Muſt deviate oft' from common ſenſe,
And make his ignorance diſcern'd,
To get the name of council learn'd,
(As *lucus* comes a *non lucendo*)
And wiſely do as other men do;

But ſhift him to a better ſcene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain,
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taſte his humour, ſenſe, and wit,
You'd ſwear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard where dulneſs over-rules
To keep good ſenſe in crowds of fools;
And we admire the man who ſaves
His honeſty in crowds of knaves,
Nor yields up virtue at diſcretion
To villains of his own profeſſion.
Lyndſay! you know what pains you take
In both, yet barely ſave your ſtake;
And will you venture both anew,
To ſit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legiſlators,
Abandon'd, ſtupid, ſlaviſh praters?
For as the rabble daub and rifle
The fool who ſcrambles for a trifle,
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn thro' the dirt, his pockets pick'd,
You muſt expect the like diſgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Muſt loſe the honour you have gain'd,
Your num'rous virtues foully ſtain'd;
Diſclaim for ever all pretence
To common honeſty and ſenſe,

And join in friendſhip with a ſtrict tye,
To ——, ——, and —— ——.

ON

DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.

MAKE Rundle biſhop! fy for ſhame!
An Arian to uſurp the name!
A biſhop in the Iſle of Saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred hoſt
Confer on him the Holy Ghoſt?
In mother-church to breed a variance,
By coupling Orthodox with Arians?
  Yet were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it ſtrange or new?
For let us hear the weak pretence
His brethren find to take offence,
Of whom there are but four at moſt
Who know there is an Holy Ghoſt;
The reſt, who boaſt they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Epheſians, never heard it,
And when they gave it, well 'tis known
They gave what never was their own.
  Rundle a biſhop! well he may;
He's ſtill a Chriſtian more than they.
  We know the ſubject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, ſenſe, and morals.

There is a reaſon ſtill more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity;
Has ev'ry circumſtance to pleaſe us,
Tho' fools may doubt his faith in J——.
But why ſhould he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God?
For liberty a champion ſtout,
Tho' not ſo goſpel-ward devout;
While others, hither ſent to ſave us,
Came but to plunder and enſlave us;
Nor ever own'd a pow'r divine,
But Mammon and the German line.
Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who ſhew'd a better *jus divinum*?
From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd Epiſcopari.
Our biſhop's predeceſſor, Magus,
Would offer all the ſands of Tagus,
Or ſell his children, houſe, and lands,
For that one gift to lay on hands;
But all his gold could not avail
To have the Spirit ſet to ſale.
Said ſurly Peter, "Magus, prithee
"Be gone; thy money periſh with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps
He might have found a ſcore of chaps,

Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thouſand pounds a-year.
  Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handywork of God,
Tho' ev'n the biſhops diſappointed
Muſt own it made by God's anointed;
And well we know the congée regal
Is more ſecure as well as legal,
Becauſe our lawyers all agree
That biſhoprics are held in fee.
  Dear Baldwin chaſte, and witty Croſſe!
How ſorely I lament your loſs!
That ſuch a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should ſlip your time of dropping guineas;
For had you made the k— your debtor,
Your title had been ſo much better.

BIRTHDAY VERSES ON MR. FORD.

Come, be content, ſince out it muſt,
For Stella has betray'd her truſt;
And, whiſp'ring, charg'd me not to ſay
That Mr. Ford was born to-day;
Or, if at laſt I needs muſt blab it,
According to my uſual habit,
She bid me, with a ſerious face,
Be ſure conceal the time and place;

And not my compliment to ſpoil
By calling this your native ſoil;
Or vex the ladies, when they know
That you are turning forty-two:
But if theſe topics ſhall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,
I think, tho' you judge hardly of it,
Good manners muſt give place to profit.
The nymphs, with whom you firſt began,
Are each become a harridan;
And Montague ſo far decay'd,
Her lovers now muſt all be paid,
And ev'ry belle that ſince aroſe
Has her cotemporary beaus.
Your former comrades, once ſo bright,
With whom you toaſted half the night,
Of rheumatiſm and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champaign;
Your great protectors, once in pow'r,
Are now in exile or the Tow'r.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your perſon and your cauſe,
If once they get you on the ſpot,
You muſt be guilty of the plot:
For true or falſe they'll ne'er inquire,
But uſe you ten times worſe than Prior *.

* Matt. Prior, Eſq. with whom the Dean was intimately connected.

In London, what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear;
Nay, would it not your paſſion raiſe
Worſe than a pun or Iriſh phraſe,
To ſee a ſcoundrel ſtrut and hector
A footboy to ſome rogue Director?
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Obſerve where bloody —— ſtands,
With tort'ring engines in his hands;
Hear him blaſpheme, and ſwear, and rail,
Threat'ning the pillory and jail.
If this you think a pleaſing ſcene,
To London ſtraight return again,
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are ſwarms of bugs and Preſbyterians.
I thought my very ſpleen would burſt,
When Fortune hither drove me firſt;
Was full as hard to pleaſe as you,
Nor perſons, names, nor places, knew:
But now I act as other fo'ke,
Like pris'ners when their jail is broke.
If you have London ſtill at heart,
We'll make a ſmall one here by art;
The diff'rence is not much between
St. James's-Park, and Stephen's-Green;
And Dawſon-ſtreet will ſerve as well
To lead you thither as Pall-Mall;

Nor want a paſſage thro' the palace,
To choke your ſight and raiſe your malice.
The Deanery-houſe may well be match'd,
Under correction, with the Thatch'd *;
Nor ſhall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a quart for ſtum.
Then, for a middle-aged chamber
Stella may vie with your main charmer,
She's now as handſome every bit,
And has a thouſand times her wit.
The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half ſupply a Gay and Pope;
Corbet †, tho' yet I know his worth not,
No doubt will prove a good Arbuthnot;
I throw into the bargain Tim;
In London can you equal him?
What think you of my fav'rite clan,
Robin and Jack ‡, and Jack and Dan?
Fellows of modeſt worth and parts,
With cheerful looks and honeſt hearts.
Can you on Dublin look with ſcorn?
Yet here were you and Ormond || born.

* A famous tavern in St. James's Street, near the palace.

† Dr. Corbet, afterwards Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on the death of Dr. Maturine, who ſucceeded Dr. Swift.

‡ Rev. Robert and John Grattan, brothers; John and Daniel Jackſon.

|| James Butler, the late Duke of Ormond.

Oh! were but you and I ſo wiſe
To ſee with Robert Grattan's eyes!
Robin adores that ſpot of earth,
That lit'ral ſpot, which gave him birth,
And ſwears Belcamp * is, to his taſte,
As fine as Hampton-Court at leaſt.
When to your friends you, would enhance
The praiſe of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you, and ſubmit:
But then, to come and keep a clutter
For this or that ſide of a gutter,
To live in this or t'other iſle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiſs,
The diff'rence but amounts to this,
We bury on our ſide the Channel
In linen †, and on your's in flannel:
You for the news are ne'er to ſeek,
While we, perhaps, may wait a week:
You happy folks are ſure to meet
An hundred whores in ev'ry ſtreet,
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a ſcore.
You ſee my arguments are ſtrong,
I wonder you held out ſo long;

* In Fingall, about five miles from Dublin.

† In the year 1733, there was an act of parliament made in Ireland to bury in woollen.

But ſince you are convinc'd at laſt,
We'll pardon you for what is paſt.
So let us now for whiſt prepare;
Twelve-pence a corner, if you dare.

A PETITION TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

BY DEAN SMEDLEY.

Non domus aut fundus------ HOR.

IT was, my Lord, the dext'rous ſhift
Of t'other Jonathan, *viz.* Swift,
But now St. Patrick's ſaucy Dean,
With ſilver verge and ſurplice clean,
Of Oxford or of Ormond's Grace,
In looſer rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclep'd a Stall,
And eke a thouſand pounds withal;
And, were he leſs a witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.
Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble lays my thanks to offer,
Approach your Grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verſe devoid of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave;

Rejoicing that, in better times,
Grafton * requires my loyal lines;
Proud that at once I can commend
King George's and the Muſe's friend,
Endear'd to Britain and to thee,
Disjoin'd Hibernia, by the ſea;
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
By love, by wiſdom, and by ſkill,
For he has ſav'd thee 'gainſt thy will.
  But where ſhall Smedley make his neſt,
And lay his wand'ring head to reſt?
Where ſhall he find a decent houſe
To treat his friends and cheer his ſpouſe?
Oh, lack! my Lord, ſome pretty cure,
In wholeſome ſoil and ether pure,
The garden ſtor'd with artleſs flowers,
In either angle ſhady bowers;
No gay parterre, with coſtly green,
Within the ambient hedge be ſeen;
Let Nature freely take her courſe,
Nor fear from one ungrateful force;
No ſhears ſhall check her ſprouting vigour,
Nor ſhape the yews to antic figure;
A limpid brook ſhall trouts ſupply,
In May to take the mimic fly;

* Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, then Lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

Round a ſmall orchard may it run,
Whoſe apples redden to the ſun;
Let all be ſnug, and warm, and neat,
For fifty turn'd a ſafe retreat;
A little Euſton may it be,
Euſton I'll carve on ev'ry tree:
But then, to keep it in repair,
My Lord—twice fifty pounds a-year
Will barely do; but if your Grace
Could make them hundreds—charming place!
Thou then wouldſt ſhew another face.
  Clogher! far north, my Lord, it lies,
Midſt ſnowy hills, inclement ſkies;
One ſhivers with the Arctic wind,
One hears the polar axis grind.
Good John *, indeed, with beef and claret
Makes the place warm, that one way bear it.
He has a purſe to keep a table,
And eke a ſoul as hoſpitable.
My heart is good; but aſſets fail
To fight with ſtorms of ſnow and hail:
Beſides, the country's thin of people,
Who ſeldom meet but at the ſteeple:
The ſtrapping Dean, that's gone to Down,
Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown;
When, much fatigu'd with ſermon-ſtudy,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy,

* Dr. John Sterne, Biſhop of Clogher, predeceſſor to Dr. Swift, as Dean of St. Patrick's.

No fit companion could be found
To puſh the lazy bottle round;
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, his clerk was orthodox.
Ah! how unlike to Gerard-ſtreet,
Where beaus and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And joſtle as they troll along;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And grape-ſeed does in plenty grow,
And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at ſeven, "Hot mutton pies!"
There Lady Luna in her ſphere
Once ſhone, when Paunchforth was not near;
But now ſhe wanes, and, as 'tis ſaid,
Keeps ſober hours, and goes to bed.
There—but 'tis endleſs to write down
All the amuſements of the Town;
And ſpouſe will think herſelf quite undone,
To trudge to Connor * from ſweet London:
And care we muſt our wives to pleaſe,
Or elſe we ſhall be ill at eaſe.
You ſee, my Lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only ſome convenient tack,
Some pars'nage-houſe, with garden ſweet,
To be my late, my laſt, retreat;

* Connor is united to the biſhopric of Down; but here are two Deans.

A decent church cloſe by its ſide,
There preaching, praying, to reſide;
And as my time ſecurely rolls,
To ſave my own and others' ſouls.

HIS GRACE'S ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

DEAR Smed! I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory ſhines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignify'd:
I hope to make you yet as clean
As that ſame, *viz.* St. Patrick's Dean:
I'll give thee ſurplice, verge, and ſtall,
And, may be, ſomething elſe withal;
And were you not ſo good a writer,
I ſhould preſent you with a mitre.
Write worſe then, if you can—be wiſe—
Believe me 'tis the way to riſe.
Talk not of making of thy neſt;
Ah! never lay thy head to reſt;
That head ſo well with wiſdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought:
While others rack their buſy brains,
You are not in the leaſt at pains.
Down to your Dean'ry now repair,
And build a caſtle in the air;

I'm ſure a man of your fine ſenſe
Can do it with a ſmall expenſe:
There your dear ſpouſe and you together
May breathe your bellies full of ether.
When Lady Luna is your neighbour,
She'll help your wife when ſhe's in labour,
Well ſkill'd in midwife artifices,
For ſhe herſelf oft' falls in pieces.
There you ſhall ſee a rareeſhow
Will make you ſcorn this world below,
When you behold the Milky-way
As white as ſnow, as bright as day,
The glitt'ring conſtellations roll
About the grinding Arctic pole;
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the muſic of the ſpheres—
Your ſpouſe ſhall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain lecture;
Nor ſhall ſhe think that ſhe's undone
For quitting her beloved London.
When ſhe's exalted in the ſkies,
She'll never think of mutton pies;
When you're advanc'd above Dean, *viz.*
You'll never think of Goody Griz,
But ever, ever live at eaſe,
And ſtrive, and ſtrive your wife to pleaſe:
In her you'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thouſand girls and boys;

Ten thouſand girls and boys you'll get,
And they, like ſtars, ſhall riſe and ſet;
While you and ſpouſe, transform'd, ſhall ſoon
Be a new ſun and a new moon:
Nor ſhall you ſtrive your horns to hide,
For then your horns ſhall be your pride.

DEAN SWIFT

AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S,

In the north of Ireland.

I.

THE Dean would viſit Market-hill,
Our invitation was but ſlight;
I ſaid—"Why, let him, if he will;"
And ſo I bid Sir A——r write.

II.

His manners would not let him wait,
Leſt we ſhould think ourſelves neglected;
And ſo we ſaw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

III.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day ſucceeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Tho' not a ſoul would have him ſtay.

IV.

I've ſaid enough to make him bluſh,
Methinks, or elſe the devil's in't;

But he cares not for it a ruſh,
Nor for my life will take the hint.

V.

But you, my Dear! may let him know,
In civil language, if he ſtays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaiſe.

VI.

Or you may ſay—My wife intends,
Tho' I ſhould be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite ſome friends,
And, Sir, I know you hate a crowd.

VII.

Or, Mr. Dean—I ſhould with joy
Beg you would here continue ſtill,
But we muſt go to Aghnacloy *,
Or Mr. Moore will take it ill.

VIII.

The houſe accounts are daily riſing,
So much his ſtay doth ſwell the bills:
My deareſt Life! it is ſurpriſing
How much he eats, how much he ſwills.

IX.

His brace of puppies how they ſtuff!
And they muſt have three meals a-day,
Yet never think they get enough:
His horſes, too, eat all our hay.

* The ſeat of Acheſon Moore, Eſq.

X.

Oh! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow face and wainſcot paws,
His beetle-brows and eyes of wall,
And make him ſoon give up the cauſe.

XI.

Muſt I be evr'y moment chid
With Skinny Bonia, Snip, and Lean *?
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of this inſulting tyrant Dean!

* The Dean uſed to call Lady Acheſon by thoſe names.

SONGS AND BALLADS *.

SUNG AT THE CLUB

AT MR. TAPLIN'S,

The ſign of the Drapier's Head in Truck-ſtreet.

--------Exegi monumentum aere perennius. HOR.

SONG I.

I.

WITH briſk merry lays
We'll ſing to the praiſe
Of that honeſt patriot the Drapier,
Who, all the world knows,
Confounded our foes
With nothing but pen, ink, and paper.

II.

A ſpirit divine
Ran thro' ev'ry line,
And made all our hearts for to caper:
He ſav'd us our goods,
And dumfounder'd Wood's;
Then long life and health to the Drapier.

* Some of the following Songs are evidently not of the Dean's writing; but as they bear ſome relation to the patriotic diſputes in which he ſucceſsfully engaged, and as they have been printed both in the Engliſh and Iriſh editions of his Works, we have not thought proper to reject them.

III.

We ne'er ſhall forget
His judgment or wit,
But life, you muſt know, is a vapour;
In ages to come,
We well may preſume,
They'll monuments raiſe to the Drapier.

IV.

When ſenators meet,
They'll ſurely think fit
To honour and praiſe the good Drapier;
Nay, juries ſhall join,
And ſheriffs combine,
To thank him in well-written paper.

V.

You men of the Comb,
Come, lay by your loom,
And go to the ſign of The Drapier;
To Taplin declare
You one and all are
Kind loving good friends to his Paper.

VI.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm ſtand,
All health to the Club and the Drapier,
Who merrily meet,
And ſing in Truck-ſtreet,
In praiſe of the well-written Paper.

SONG II.

I.

SINCE the Drapier's ſet up, and Wood is cry'd down,
Let ballads be made by the bards of this town,
To thank the brave Drapier for what he has done,
Which no body can deny, brave Boys! which no body can deny.

II.

When a project to ruin this nation was laid,
To drain all our gold, and give braſs in its ſtead,
The Drapier he writ, and knock'd all on the head,
Which no body can deny, *&c.*

III.

His advice he addreſs'd to men of all ranks,
Which timely ſupported our trade and our banks,
And no doubt the next ſeſſion he'll have public thanks,
Which no body can deny, *&c.*

IV.

But who could imagine that ſome men in place
Were for bringing this Drapier to ſhame and diſgrace,
Becauſe he had writ upon too nice a caſe?
Which no body can deny, *&c.*

V.

That a J—— of this country ſhould uſe all his ſkill
To prevail on a j—y for finding a bill,
And diſſolve them becauſe they thwarted his will?
Which no body can deny, *&c.*

In vain are all offers the Drapier to take,
This kingdom ne'er cheriſh'd a poiſonous ſnake,
And informers are wretches all men will forſake,
Which no body can deny, *&c.*

And for the good things he has brought to paſs,
We hear for a ſign have ſet up his face,
And wiſh we could ſet up his ſtatue in braſs,
Which no body can deny, *&c.*

Then, Taplin, fill out a glaſs of the beſt,
And let the King's health be drunk by each gueſt,
Let it ſhine in his face and glow in his breaſt,
Which no body can deny, *&c.*

For Carteret's merit a bumper prepare,
Whoſe faithful report of our loyalty here
Has baffled our foes, and remov'd all our fear,
Which no body can deny, *&c.*

The Proteſtant int'reſt abroad and at home,
Our friends in this city, and thoſe on the Comb,
Shall be pledg'd by all members in this Club and room,
Which no body can deny, *&c.*

Make haſte, honeſt Taplin! and bring t'other pot,
The Drapier's good friends muſt not be forgot,
While you have good liquor, or we have a groat,
Which no body can deny, *&c.*

SONG III.

I.

Of a worthy Dublin Drapier
My purpoſe is to ſpeak,
Who for no private intereſt,
But for his country's ſake,
By virtuous honour led,
Egregious hazards run;
And ſo he ſet his country free
Could more have undergone.

II.

Twice was he perſecuted
By traitors to the ſtate;
And twice, by Virtue guarded,
He did their wiles defeat:
Seek all the world about,
And you will hardly find
A man for honour to excel
Our gallant Drapier's mind.

III.

For he was bred in Dublin,
The chief of men was he;
From thence ſent o'er to London,
A'prentice for to be:
A banker near the court
Did like his ſervice ſo,
That a warm farm in his own land
He did on him beſtow.

IV.

When back again to Ireland
This worthy Drapier came,
He caſt about moſt nobly,
To advance its wealth and fame;
And had the ſimple natives
Obſerv'd his ſage advice,
Their wealth and fame, ſome years ago,
Had reach'd above the ſkies.

V.

For oft' he them admoniſh'd
To mind the draping trade,
And wear no manufactures
But what themſelves had made;
But whilſt by thoughtleſs mortals
His ſchemes neglected lay,
Some foes unto their country's weal
His perſon would betray.

VI.

When thus her ſons turn enemies,
What nation free can laſt?
And now, to quite enſlave us,
A champion over paſs'd,
In copper armour clad,
A Wooden tool of might,
Who by his boaſt of power did
All Ireland affright.

VII.

With juſt diſdain the Drapier
Beheld his brazen pride,
He could not hear with patience
How he our laws defy'd;
Forgetting former wrongs,
Unto our aid he flew,
And, with reſiſtleſs courage, he
This giant overthrew.

VIII.

But, oh! the curs'd ingratitude
Of ſome! (no matter where)
Let all their names in hiſtory
With infamy appear;
For to reward his love,
In ſaving of their land,
They plotted to deliver him
Into the traitor's hand.

IX.

The Drapier at this treatment
Was not a whit diſmay'd,
But for his country's ſafety,
More than his own, afraid;
He bravely ſent 'em word
He'd ſtand the brunt of all,
If they would but ſecure the land
From Wood's ſad brazen thrall.

X.

Thus doth our gallant Drapier
His trade and all expoſe,
To ſave the land from foreign
And from domeſtic foes;
Who, their own turn to ſerve,
Moſt baſely would agree
To bring us in dependence,
Who are by nature free.

XI.

For he hath ſhewn moſt clearly
We can't be free by halves,
And thoſe to ſubjects ſubject
Can be no leſs than ſlaves.
As yet no acts we've made,
And grant we never may,
To give our brethren title
To their pretended ſway.

XII.

Then with your conſtant praiſes
The Drapier's name adorn,
Whilſt thoſe who would betray him
Deſerve the utmoſt ſcorn:
In honouring his worth
Let grateful friends be found,
And with his health, next to the King's,
Let glaſſes go all round.

SONG IV.

Now we're free by nature,
Let us all our power exert,
Since each human creature
May his right aſſert.
CHORUS. Fill bumpers to the Drapier
Whoſe convincing paper
Set us, gloriouſly,
From brazen fetters free.
His warm zeal inſpir'd us
To withſtand our country's fate,
Whilſt his writings fir'd us,
Ere it was too late.
Fill bumpers, *&c.*
A true Roman ſpirit
Fir'd our mighty hero's breaſt:
By him we inherit
What can make us bleſt.
Fill bumpers, *&c.*
Thus he bright in ſtory,
Like great Naſſau once before,
Freed us all with glory,
What could mortal more?
Fill bumpers, *&c.*
All friends to the Drapier,
Who revere his worthy name,
In honour to his Paper,
Sing his laſting fame.
Fill bumpers, *&c.*

Thus, ye ſons of Pleaſure,
Who at Taplin's weekly ſing,
In alternate meaſure
Loudly let him ring.
Fill bumpers, &c.

SONG V.

When Wood had like to have taken root,
And canker'd all the nation,
The Drapier ſoon oppos'd his ſuit,
And ſtemm'd his innovation.
As when by Winter's hoary chains
The meadows are involv'd,
When Phœbus ſhines upon the plains
They're by his rays diſſolv'd;
So when the Drapier did maintain
Our cauſe, to whom we're debtors,
The fire of his heroic vein
Deſtroy'd our brazen fetters.
Our liberty by him's reſtor'd;
Wood's foil'd by his own rapier;
Nor owe we more to Naſſau's ſword
Then to his pen and paper.
Amidſt his foes, the hero (full—
Of rage) outbrav'd the danger;
And hence the brazen-footed bull
Was ſent to rack and manger.

Toſs off your bumpers, raiſe a ſong,
He ne'er ſhall be forgotten;
His name ſhall charm each liſt'ning throng,
When Wood is dead and rotten.
Let healths go round: cheer up, my Boys!
And, whilſt the ſpirit moves ye,
Devote the preſent time to joys——
And muſic, as behoves ye.
Here, honeſt Taplin! ſpare no man;
Go, fetch us t'other bottle;
We'll dance like Phœbus, ſing like Pan,
And drink like Ariſtotle.

VI. A BALLAD

ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC.

Written at the Caſtle of Dublin in the time of the Earl of Berkeley's government.

I.

My Lord, to find out who muſt deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the firſt knave does ſeldom fail
To find the Doctor out.

II.

But then his Honour cry'd Godzooks,
And ſeem'd to knit his brow;
For on a knave he never looks
But he thinks upon Jack How.

III.

My Lady, tho' ſhe is no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And, wedg'd in corner of a chair,
Takes ſnuff, and holds the ſtakes.

IV.

Dame Floyd looks out in grave ſuſpenſe
For pair-royals and ſequents,
But wiſely cautious of her pence,
The Caſtle ſeldom frequents.

V.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting caſes,
"I'd won it on my word,
"If I had but a pair of aces,
"And could pick up a third."

VI.

But Weſton has a new-caſt gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And if ſhe can but win a crown,
'Twill juſt new-dye the lining.

VII.

"With theſe is Parſon Swift,
"Not knowing how to ſpend his time,
"Does make a wretched ſhift
"To deafen them with puns and rhyme *."

* Lady Betty Berkeley, finding this ballad in the Author's room unfiniſhed, underwrit the laſt ſtanza, and left the paper where ſhe had found it.

VII.

TO THE TUNE OF THE CUTPURSE.

*Written in the year 1703 *.*

I.

ONCE on a time, as old ſtories rehearſe,
A friar would needs ſhew his talent in Latin,
But was ſorely put to it in the midſt of a verſe,
Becauſe he could find no word to come pat in;
Then all in the place
He left a void ſpace,
And ſo went to bed in a deſperate caſe:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was ſtrangely fill'd up in the middle.

CHORUS.

Let cenſuring critics then think what they liſt on't;
Who would not write verſes with ſuch an aſſiſtant?

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement,
For he wiſely conſider'd it muſt be a ſprite
That came thro' the key-hole, or in at the caſement,
And it needs muſt be one that could both read and
Yet he did not know [write:
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below:

* Lady Betty Berkeley, finding in the Author's room ſome verſes unfiniſhed, underwrit a ſtanza of her own with raillery upon him, which gave occaſion to this ballad, written by the Author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third perſon had done it. See the preceding ballad.

Howe'er, it was civil in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it ſo well of himſelf.
  CHO. Let cenſuring, *&c.*

III.

Even ſo Maſter Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a ſtand;
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains,
When he found a new help from inviſible hand.
Then, good Doctor Swift!
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely muſt own you were at a dead lift;
And tho' ſome malicious young ſpirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
  CHO. Let cenſuring, *&c.*

VIII. AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET *.

To the tune of Packington's Pound.

Written in the year 1720.

I.

BROCADOES and damaſks, and tabbies, and gauzes,
Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,

* Dr. Swift having wrote a treatiſe, adviſing the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures, a proſecution was ſet on foot againſt Waters the printer thereof, which was carried on with ſo much violence, that the then Lord Chief Juſtice, one Whitſhed, thought proper, in a manner the moſt extraordinary, to keep the grand jury above twelve hours, and to ſend them eleven times out of court, until he had wearied them into a ſpecial verdict.

With forty things more: now hear what the law ſays,
Whoe'er will not wear them is not the King's lover.
Tho' a Printer and Dean
Seditiouſly mean
Our true Iriſh hearts from old England to wean,
We'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his Deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

II.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The Dean and his Printer then let us cry Fy on;
To be cloth'd like a carcaſs would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow ſullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor ſhopkeepers muſt our horns pull in:
Then we'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his Deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

III.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conſpire,
Becauſe Iriſh linen will ſoon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greaſy and quickly takes fire:
Therefore I aſſure ye
Our noble grand jury,
When they ſaw the Dean's book they were in a great fury;

They would buy Engliſh ſilks for their wives and their
daughters,
In ſpite of his Deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

IV.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is ſinning,
And before *corum nobus* ſo oft' has been call'd, 29
Henceforward ſhall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And, if ſwearing can do't, ſhall be ſwingingly maul'd:
And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the Printer will 'peach him he'll ſcarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our
daughters,
In ſpite of his Deanſhip and journeyman Waters. 36

IX. WILL. WOOD'S PETITION

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND,

Being an excellent New Song,

Suppoſed to be made and ſung in the ſtreets of Dublin by William Wood ironmonger and halfpenny-monger, 1725.

I.

My dear Iriſh folks
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence ſo fine;
So fair and ſo bright,
They'll give you delight; 5
Obſerve how they gliſter and ſhine.

II.

They'll ſell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or Toſs on the knife.

III.

Come hither and try,
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing:
Come, threepence a ſcore,
I aſk you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Harding*.

IV.

When tradeſmen have gold
The thief will be bold
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is ſuch
No robber will touch,
And ſo you may daintily bob him.

V.

The little blackguard,
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your ſhoes,
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine, and be d——'d,
He may ſwear he has nothing to loſe.

* The Drapier's printer.

VI.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Tho' thouſands are not worth a pudden;
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries Chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a ſudden.

VII.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade *;
For nothing ſhall paſs
But my pretty braſs,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

VIII.

I'm a ſon of a whore
If I have a word more
To ſay in this wretched condition;
If my coin will not paſs,
I muſt die like an aſs;
And ſo I conclude my Petition.

* Two famous bankers.

X. AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD:

OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN*

TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE.

Written in the year 1730.

I.

Our brethren of England, who love us ſo dear,
And in all they do for us ſo kindly do mean,
A bleſſing upon them! have ſent us this year,
For the good of our church, a true Engliſh Dean:
A holier prieſt ne'er was wrapt up in crape;
The worſt you can ſay, he committed a Rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin he lighted at Cheſter,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burſt into her chamber, and would have careſs'd her,
But ſhe valu'd her honour much more than her life.
She buſtled, and ſtruggled, and made her eſcape
To a room full of gueſts, for fear of a Rape.

III.

The Dean he purſu'd to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares;
But the company ſtood in defence of the dame;
They cudgell'd and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down
His Deanſhip was now in a damnable ſcrape, [ſtairs.
And this was no time for committing a Rape.

* Sawbridge, Dean of Fernes.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No ſcruple came on him his gown to expoſe,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himſelf drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no Rape.

V.

The Dean and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Reſolv'd for a fortnight to ſwim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his Deanſhip to ape
In ev'ry debauch but committing a Rape.

VI.

This Proteſtant zealot, this Engliſh divine,
In church and in ſtate was of principle ſound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And griev'd that a Tory ſhould live above ground.
Shall a ſubject ſo loyal be hang'd by the nape
For no other crime but committing a Rape?

VII.

By old Popiſh canons, as wiſe men have penn'd 'em,
Each prieſt had a concubine *jure eccleſiæ*;
Who'd be Dean of Fernes without a *Commendam*?
And precedents we can produce if it pleaſe ye.
Then why ſhould the Dean, when whores are ſo cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a Rape?

VIII.

If Fortune ſhould pleaſe but to take ſuch a crotchet,
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's ſucceſſor)
To give thee lawn ſleeves, a mitre and rochet,
Whom wouldſt thou reſemble? I leave thee a gueſſer;
But I only behold thee in Atherton's* ſhape,
For Sodomy hang'd, as thou for a Rape.

IX.

Ah! doſt thou not envy the brave Col'nel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threeſcore and ten?
To hang him all England would lend him their gar-
Yet he lives, and is ready to raviſh again. [ters,
Then throttle thyſelf with an ell of ſtrong tape,
For thou haſt not a groat to atone for a Rape.

X.

The Dean he was vex'd that his whores were ſo willing;
He long'd for a girl that would ſtruggle and ſquall;
He raviſh'd her fairly, and ſav'd a good ſhilling,
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His trouble and ſorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he muſt be for committing a Rape.

XI.

If maidens are raviſh'd it is their own choice;
Why are they ſo wilful to ſtruggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and ſtifle their voice,
No devil nor dean could raviſh 'em then;
Nor would there be need of a ſtrong hempen cape
Ty'd round the Dean's neck for committing a Rape.

* A Bp. of Waterford, ſent from England 100 years ago.

XII.

Our church and our ſtate dear England maintains,
For which all true Proteſtant hearts ſhould be glad;
She ſends us our biſhops, and judges, and deans,
And better would give us if better ſhe had.
But, Lord! how the rabble will ſtare and will gape,
When the good Engliſh Dean is hang'd up for a Rape!

XI. A LOVE-SONG,

IN THE MODERN TASTE.

Written in the year 1733.

I.

Flutt'ring ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid! o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions,
Nature muſt give way to Art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming
All beneath yon' flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth!
Him the boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia! tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Diſcretion! ſtring the lyre;

Sooth my ever-waking ſlumbers;
Bright Apollo! lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto! king of terrors!
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypreſs! verdant willow!
Gilding my Aurelia's brows;
Morpheus! hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth Meander
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of Juno ſtooping,
Melody reſigns to Fate.

XII. A LOVE-SONG.

A PUD in is almi des ire,
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re;
Alo veri findit a geſtis,
His mi ſerj ne ver at reſtis.

XIII. THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW;

OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,

UPON SERJEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the tune of Derry down.

Jolly boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How B—th that booby, and S—l in grain,
Hath inſulted us all by inſulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.
The Dean and his merits we ev'ry one know,
But this ſkip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he grow?
How greater's his merit at Four Courts or Houſe,
Than the barking of Towzer or leap of a louſe?
Knock him down, *&c.*
That he came from the Temple his morals do ſhow,
But where his deep law is few mortals yet know:
His rhet'ric, bombaſt, ſilly jeſts, are by far
More like to lampooning than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, *&c.*
This pedler, at ſpeaking and making of laws
Hath met with returns of all ſorts but applauſe;
Has with noiſe and odd geſtures been prating ſome
What honeſter folks never durſt for their ears. [years
Knock him down, *&c.*
Of all ſizes and ſorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother Proteſtants, good men and true;

Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turbant's the ſame;
What the de'il is't to him whence the devil they came?
  Knock him down, &c.
Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolſton, and Collins, and Nay-
And Muggleton, Tolland, and Bradley the tailor, [lor,
Are Chriſtians alike; and it may be averr'd
He's a Chriſtian as good as the reſt of the herd.
  Knock him down, &c.
He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! we'll ſet on new rates
On their tythes at half-nothing, their prieſthood at leſs:
What's next to be voted with eaſe you may gueſs.
  Knock him down, &c.
At length his old maſter (I need not him name)
To this damnable ſpeaker had long ow'd a ſhame;
When his ſpeech came abroad he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
  Knock him down, &c.
He kindled, as if the whole ſatire had been
The oppreſſion of Virtue, not wages of Sin:
He began as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he ſwore how he ſwore.
  Knock him down, &c.
Tho' he cring'd to his Deanſhip in very low ſtrains,
To others he boaſted of knocking out brains,
And ſlitting of noſes and cropping of ears,
While his own aſs's zaggs were more fit for the ſhears.
  Knock him down, &c.

On this worrier of Deans, whene'er we can hit,
We'll ſhew him the way how to crop and to ſlit;
We'll teach him ſome better addreſs to afford
To the Dean of all Deans, tho' he wears not a ſword.
Knock him down, *&c.*
We'll colt him thro' Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
A modus right fit for inſulters of Deans.
Knock him down, *&c.*
And when this is over, we'll make him amends,
To the Dean he ſhall go; they ſhall kiſs and be friends:
But how? Why, the Dean ſhall to him diſcloſe
A face for to kiſs without eyes, ears, or noſe.
Knock him down, *&c.*
If you ſay this is hard, on a man that is reckon'd
That ſerjeant at law whom we call Kite the Second,
You miſtake; for a ſlave who will coax his ſuperiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's poſteriors.
Knock him down, *&c.*
What care we how high runs his paſſion or pride?
Tho' his ſoul he deſpiſes, he values his hide:
Then fear not his tongue, or his ſword, or his knife;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down,—keep him down.

XIV. DINGLEY AND BRENT*.

A SONG.

To the tune of Ye Commons and Peers.

I.

DINGLEY and Brent,
Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was ſpoken;
Whatever was ſaid
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own ſilly joking.

II.

Should Solomon wiſe
In majeſty riſe,
And ſhew them his wit and his learning,
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

III.

You tell a good jeſt,
And pleaſe all the reſt,
Comes Dingley, and aſks you, What was it?
And, curious to know,
Away ſhe will go
To ſeek an old rag in the cloſet.

* Brent, a gentleman of wit and learning, who had written ſome ſarcaſtic verſes upon Sheridan.
* Dingley, Dr. Swift's houſekeeper.

XV. AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

Being the intended ſpeech of a famous orator againſt peace.

AN orator Diſmal of Nottinghamſhire,
Who has forty years let out his conſcience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country, and want of a place,
Is come up, *vi et armis*, to break the Queen's peace.
He has vamp'd an old Speech, and the court, to their ſorrow,
Shall hear him harangue againſt Prior to-morrow.
When once he begins he never will flinch,
But repeats the ſame note a whole day like a finch.
I have heard all the ſpeech repeated by Hoppy,
And, miſtakes to prevent, I have obtained a copy.

THE SPEECH.

WHEREAS, notwithſtanding, I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But, moſt noble Senators! 'tis a great ſhame
There ſhould be a peace while I'm not in game.
The Duke ſhew'd me all his fine houſe; and the Dutcheſs
From her cloſet brought out a full purſe in her clutches:
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a ſtart,
His Grace ſwore by God, and her Grace let a fart:
My long old-faſhion'd pocket was preſently cramm'd,
And ſooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
But ſome will cry Turncoat, and rip up old ſtories,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories.

I anſwer, the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my relations were put into places;
But ſtill I'm in principle ever the ſame,
And will quit my beſt friends while I'm not in game.

When I and ſome others ſubſcribed our names
To a plot for expelling my maſter King James,
I withdrew my ſubſcription by help of a blot,
And ſo might diſcover or gain by the plot:
I had my advantage, and ſtood at defiance,
For Daniel was got from the den of the lions:
I came in without danger; and was I to blame?
For rather than hang I would be not in game.

I ſwore to the Queen that the Prince of Ha——er
During her ſacred life ſhould never come over:
I made uſe of a trope, that an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument always in ſight;
But when I thought proper I alter'd my note,
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote
That her Majeſty ſtood in great need of a tutor,
And muſt have an old or a young coadjutor:
For why, I would fain have put all in a flame,
Becauſe, for ſome reaſons, I was not in game.

Now my new benefactors have brought me about,
And I'll vote againſt peace with Spain, or without.
Tho' the court gives my nephews, and brothers, and
And all my whole family, places by dozens, [couſins,
Yet ſince I know where a full purſe may be found,
And hardly pay eighteenpence tax in the pound;

Since the Tories have thus diſappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my figures nor tropes,
I'll ſpeech againſt peace while Diſmal's my name,
And be a true Whig while I am not in game.

XVI. DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER

TO BALLYSPELLIN *,

Written by Dr. Sheridan.

I.

Dare you diſpute, you ſaucy brute,
And think there's no refelling
Your ſcurvy lays, and ſenſeleſs praiſe
You give to Ballyſpellin?

II.

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce
Your med'cine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and ſcours the blood,
When drank at Ballyſpellin.

III.

Thoſe pocky drabs, to cure their ſcabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be ſent worſe than they went,
From naſty Ballyſpellin.

IV.

Llewellyn why? as well may I
Name honeſt Doctor Pellin;
So hard ſometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyſpellin.

* This Anſwer was reſented by Dr. Sheridan as an affront on himſelf and the lady he attended to the Spaw.

V.

No ſubject fit to try your wit
When you went colonelling,
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and Teagues
That met at Ballyſpellin.

VI.

Our laſſes fair, ſay what you dare,
Who ſowing make with ſhelling,
At Market-hill more beaus can kill
Than your's at Ballyſpellin.

VII.

Would I was whipt when Sheelah ſtript
To waſh herſelf our well in;
A bum ſo white ne'er came in ſight
At paltry Ballyſpellin.

VIII.

Your mawkins there ſmocks hempen wear,
Of Holland not an ell in;
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyſpellin.

IX.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling,
Becauſe he gets a few grizets
At louſy Ballyſpellin.

X.

There's bonny Jane in yonder lane,
Juſt o'er againſt the Bell Inn;

Where can you meet a lafs fo fweet
Round all your Ballyfpellin?

XI.

We have a girl deferves an earl,
She came from Ennifkillin;
So fair, fo young, no fuch among
The belles at Ballyfpellin.

XII.

How would you ftare to fee her there
The foggy mift difpelling
That cloud the brows of ev'ry blowfe
Who lives at Ballyfpellin!

XIII.

Now as I live I would not give
A ftiver for a fkellin,
To towfe and kifs the faireft mifs
That leaks at Ballyfpellin.

XIV.

Whoe'er will raife fuch lies as thefe
Deferves a good cudgelling;
Who falfely boafts of belles and toafts
At dirty Ballyfpellin.

XV.

My rhymes are gone to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as thofe you write
To force in Ballyfpellin.

RIDDLES.

I.

A RIDDLE.

Written in the year 1724*.

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white;
My perſon tall, and ſlender waiſt
On either ſide with fringes grac'd,
Till me that tyrant man eſpy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's ſide:
No wonder now I look ſo thin;
The tyrant ſtripp'd me to the ſkin:
My ſkin he flay'd, my hair he cropt,
At head and foot my body lopt,
And then, with heart more hard than ſtone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.

* Some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the Author, uſed to entertain themſelves with writing Riddles, and ſending them to him and their other acquaintance, copies of which ran about, and ſome of them were printed both in England and Ireland. The Author, at his leiſure hours, fell into the ſame amuſement, although it be ſaid that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or uſe. However, by the advice of ſome perſons for whom the Author had a great eſteem, and who were pleaſed to ſend the copies, the few following have been publiſhed, (which are allowed to be genuine) becauſe we are informed that ſeveral good judges have a taſte for ſuch kind of compoſitions.

To vex me more, he took a freak
But flit my tongue and make me ſpeak;
But that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to eyes and not to ears.
He oft' employs me in diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a thouſand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in truſt
To pleaſe his malice or his luſt:
From me no ſecret he can hide;
I ſee his vanity and pride,
And my delight is to expoſe
His follies to his greateſt foes.
  All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I underſtand.
Without my aid the beſt divine
In learning would not know a line;
The lawyer muſt forget his pleading,
The ſcholar could not ſhew his reading.
  Nay, man, my maſter, is my ſlave:
I give command to kill or ſave;
Can grant ten thouſand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
  But while I thus my life relate,
I only haſten on my fate:
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
Am on ſome dunghill left to rot.

II.

ANOTHER.

ALL-RULING tyrant of the earth,
To vileſt ſlaves I owe my birth.
How is the greateſt monarch bleſs'd,
When in my gaudy liv'ry dreſs'd!
No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
From me, or my embraces ſhun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My conſtancy is ſtill the ſame.
The fav'rite meſſenger of Jove,
And Lemnian god, conſulting ſtrove
To make me glorious to the ſight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight:
Soon would their altars' flame expire
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

III.

ANOTHER.

BY fate exalted high in place,
Lo! here I ſtand with double face;
Superior none on earth I find,
But ſee below me all mankind:
Yet as it oft' attends the great,
I almoſt ſink with my own weight.

At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all conſult my look:
I ſometimes give advice in writing,
But never of my own inditing.
I am a courtier in my way,
For thoſe who rais'd me I betray;
And ſome give out that I entice
To luſt, and luxury, and dice,
Who puniſhments on me inflict,
Becauſe they find their pockets pick'd.
By riding poſt I loſe my health,
And only to get others wealth.

IV.

ANOTHER.

Because I am by nature blind,
I wiſely chuſe to walk behind;
However, to avoid diſgrace,
I let no creature ſee my face.
My words are few, but ſpoke with ſenſe,
And yet my ſpeaking gives offence;
Or if to whiſper I preſume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am oppreſt,
And my oppreſſion gives them reſt.
Thro' me, tho' ſore againſt my will,
Inſtructors ev'ry art inſtil.

By thoufands I am fold and bought,
Who neither get nor lofe a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But thofe who give me greateft pain.
Shall man prefume to be my mafter,
Who's but my caterer and tafter?
Yet tho' I always have my will,
I'm but a mere depender ftill;
An humble hanger-on at beft,
Of whom all people make a jeft.
In me detractors feek to find
Two vices of a diff'rent kind:
I'm too profufe, fome cens'rers cry,
And all I get I let it fly;
While others give me many a curfe,
Becaufe too clofe I hold my purfe.
But this I know, in either cafe
They dare not charge me to my face.
'Tis true, indeed, fometimes I fave,
Sometimes run out of all I have;
But when the year is at an end,
Computing what I get and fpend,
My goings-out and comings-in,
I cannot find I lofe or win,
And therefore all that know me fay,
I juftly keep the middle way.
I'm always by my betters led;
I laft get up, am firft a-bed;

Tho' if I riſe before my time,
The learn'd in ſciences ſublime
Conſult the ſtars, and thence foretel
Good luck to thoſe with whom I dwell.

V.

ANOTHER.

The joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domeſtic ſubject for diſputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care,
I ſaw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the Britiſh crown;
And often have I ſeen thee grace
The chaſte Diana's infant face,
And whenſoe'er you pleaſe to ſhine,
Leſs uſeful is her light than thine:
Thy num'rous fingers know their way,
And oft' in Celia's treſſes play.
To place thee in another view,
I'll ſhew the world ſtrange things and true:
What lords and dames of high degree
May juſtly claim their birth from thee!
The ſoul of man with ſpleen you vex;
Of ſpleen you cure the female ſex.
Thee for a gift the courtier ſends
With pleaſure to his ſpecial friends:

He gives, and, with a gen'rous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide,
Nor oft' can the receiver know
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unſeen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks,
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet ſome, who ne'er beſtow'd thee, boaſt
That they to others give thee moſt.
Mean time the wiſe a queſtion ſtart,
If thou a real being art,
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain?
But the ſly giver better knows thee,
Who feels true joys when he beſtows thee.

VI.

ANOTHER.

THO' I, alas! a pris'ner be,
My trade is pris'ners to ſet free.
No ſlave his lord's commands obeys
With ſuch inſinuating ways:
My genius piercing, ſharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their eaſe,
And turn and wind me as they pleaſe.

A new and wondrous art I ſhow
Of raiſing ſpirits from below;
In ſcarlet ſome, and ſome in white,
They riſe, walk round, yet never fright:
In at each mouth the ſpirits paſs,
Diſtinctly ſeen as thro' a glaſs,
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at laſt all ſecrets out,
And ſtill the more I ſhow my art,
The more they open ev'ry heart.
  A greater chymiſt none than I,
Who from materials hard and dry
Have taught men to extract with ſkill
More precious juice than from a ſtill.
  Altho' I'm often out of caſe,
I'm not aſham'd to ſhew my face.
Tho' at the tables of the great
I near the ſide-board take my ſeat,
Yet the plain 'ſquire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him ſtand,
And often takes me by the hand.
  I twice a-day a-hunting go,
Nor ever fail to ſeize my foe,
And when I have him by the pole,
I drag him upwards from his hole,
Tho' ſome are of ſo ſtubborn kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a limb behind.

I hourly wait ſome fatal end,
For I can break, but ſcorn to bend.

Corkscrew?

VII.

ANOTHER.

THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

Written in the year 1724.

Come hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain purſuits:
Take wiſe advice, and look behind;
Bring all paſt actions to thy mind.
Here you may ſee, as in a glaſs,
How ſoon all human pleaſures paſs.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial ſide!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the ſad reverſe appears!
This cave within its womb confines
The laſt reſult of all deſigns:
Here lie depoſited the ſpoils
Of buſy mortals' endleſs toils;
Here with an eaſy ſearch we find
The foul corruptions of mankind;
The wretched purchaſe here behold
Of traitots who their country ſold.

This gulf inſatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees the ſtateſman's bribes:
Here, in their proper ſhape and mien,
Fraud, Perjury, and Guilt, are ſeen.
Neceſſity, the tyrant's law,
All human race muſt hither draw;
All prompted by the ſame deſire,
The vig'rous youth and aged ſire.
Behold the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble ſlave,
Phyſician, lawyer, and divine,
All make oblations at this ſhrine.
Some enter boldly, ſome by ſtealth,
And leave behind their fruitleſs wealth;
For while the baſhful ſylvan maid,
As half aſham'd and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt ſo near her heart,
The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profuſely pours her off'rings here.
A treaſure here of learning lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an ancient ſage,
And millions of the preſent age.
In at this gulf all off'rings paſs,
And lie an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs.
Deucalion to reſtore mankind
Was bid to throw the ſtones behind;

So thoſe who here their gifts convey,
Are forc'd to look another way;
For few, a choſen few, muſt know
The myſteries that lie below.
Sad charnel-houſe! a diſmal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home;
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave,
Where each ſupply of dead renews
Unwholeſome damps, offenſive dews;
And, lo! the writing on the walls
Points out where each new victim falls,
The food of worms, and beaſts obſcene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.
See where thoſe mangled corpſes lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies there conſign'd to endleſs night;
By cruel hands her blood was ſpilt,
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.
And here ſix virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft' in the train of Venus ſeen,
As fair and lovely as their queen,
In royal garments each was dreſt,
Each with a gold and purple veſt;
I ſaw them of their garments ſtript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript;

Twice were they bury'd, twice were born,
Twice from their ſepulchres were torn;
But now diſmember'd, here are caſt,
And find a reſting-place at laſt.
Here oft' the curious trav'ller finds
The combat of oppoſing winds,
And ſeeks to learn the ſecret cauſe
Which alien ſeems from Nature's laws;
Why at this cave's tremendous mouth
He feels at once both north and ſouth;
Whether the winds in caverns pent
Thro' clefts oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, op'ning all his ſtores,
Fierce Æolus in tempeſt roars.
Yet from this mingled maſs of things
In time a new creation ſprings:
Theſe crude materials once ſhall riſe
To fill the earth, and air, and ſkies;
In various forms appear again
Of vegetables, brutes, and men:
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

ANOTHER.

LOUISA TO STREPHON.

Written in the year 1724.

Ah, Strephon! how can you despiſe
Her who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have ſtill been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair iſſue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy boſom bred;
Embrac'd thee cloſer than a wife;
When thee I leave I leave my life.
Why ſhould my ſhepherd take amiſs
That oft' I wake thee with a kiſs?
Yet you of ev'ry kiſs complain;
Ah! is not love a pleaſing pain?
A pain which ev'ry happy night
You cure with eaſe and with delight;
With pleaſure, as the poet ſings,
Too great for mortals leſs than kings.
Chloe, when on thy breaſt I lie,
Obſerves me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her deſp'rate nails,

And with relentleſs hands deſtroy
The tender pledges of our joy:
Nor have I bred a ſpurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
  Conſider, Strephon, what you do,
For ſhould I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams a bloodleſs ghoſt;
And all my kin, a num'rous hoſt,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king,
Renown'd in ſieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains,
Who in tempeſtuous ſeas can ſport,
And ſcorn the pleaſures of a court;
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who ſcourg'd to death that ſcourge of Rome,
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire:
Thou like Alcides ſhalt expire,
When his envenom'd ſhirt he wore,
And ſkin and fleſh in pieces tore;
Nor leſs that ſhirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her ſhift,
Shall in thy deareſt blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX.

ANOTHER.

Written in the year 1725.

Depriv'd of root, and branch, and rind,
Yet flow'rs I bear of ev'ry kind,
And ſuch is my prolific pow'r,
They bloom in leſs than half an hour;
Yet ſtanders-by may plainly ſee
They get no nouriſhment from me.
My head with giddineſs goes round,
And yet I firmly ſtand my ground.
All over naked I am ſeen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
Ere join'd ſuch numbers hand in hand;
I join them fairly with a ring,
Nor can our parſon blame the thing;
And tho' no marriage-words are ſpoke,
They part not till the ring is broke;
Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
I'm but an idol rais'd on high;
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
I lay a pris'ner twenty years,
And then the jovial Cavaliers
To their old poſt reſtor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

X.

ANOTHER.

I WITH borrow'd ſilver ſhine;
What you ſee is none of mine.
Firſt I ſhew you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar,
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And, what will raiſe your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But ſprung, (and I this truth maintain)
Like Pallas, from my father's brain;
And after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the ſhades below.
Moſt wondrous forms you ſee me wear,
A man, a women, lion, bear,
A fiſh, a fowl, a cloud, a field;
All figures heav'n or earth can yield:
Like Daphne, ſometimes in a tree;
Yet am not one of all you ſee.

XI.

ANOTHER.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying, with noiſe,
The terror of women and pleaſure of boys;

Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead,
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why, then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
The moment I get one my soul's all a-fire,
I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

XII.

ANOTHER.

There is a gate, we know full well,
That stands 'twixt heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Where many for a passage venture,
But very few are fond to enter;
Altho' 'tis open night and day,
They for that reason shun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood;
They can't come near it for their blood:
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners, with greatest ease,
Can find an entrance when they please.
The poorest hither march in state,
(Or they can never pass the gate)

Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on't.
If graveſt parſons here advance,
They cannot paſs before they dance;
There's not a ſoul that does reſort here,
But ſtrips himſelf to pay the porter.

XIII.

ANOTHER.

From heav'n I fall, tho' from earth I begin,
No lady alive can ſhew ſuch a ſkin.
I'm bright as an angel and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark when you ſqueeze me together.
Tho' candour and truth in my aſpect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to inſnare.
Tho' ſo much of heav'n appears in my make,
The fouleſt impreſſions I eaſily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

XIV.

ANOTHER.

I'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Tho' hundreds have employ'd their leiſure,
They never yet could find my meaſure.

I'm found almoſt in ev'ry garden,
Nay, in the compaſs of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

XV.

ANOTHER.

I.

I AM jet-black, as you may ſee,
The ſon of Pitch and gloomy Night,
Yet all that know me will agree
I'm dead except I live in light.

II.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can ſoar,
And raiſe a virgin to the ſky,
Or ſink her to a pocky whore.

III.

My blood this day is very ſweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk 'tis cry'd about the ſtreet,
And ſo apply'd to diff'rent uſe.

IV.

Moſt wondrous is my magic pow'r;
For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a ſaint this hour,
Next make a devil of a ſaint.

V.

Thro' diſtant regions I can fly,
Provide me with but paper wings,
And fairly ſhew a reaſon why
There ſhould be quarrels among kings.

VI.

And after all you'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will diſpute,
That I ſhould point the word of God,
And ſhew where they can beſt confute.

VII.

Let lawyers bawl and ſtrain their throats,
'Tis I that muſt the lands convey,
And ſtrip the clients to their coats,
Nay, give their very ſouls away.

XVI.

ANOTHER.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all deſtroying,
Never finding full repaſt
Till I eat the world at laſt.

XVII.

ANOTHER.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;

One of us in glaſs is ſet,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may ſee in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you ſhould purſue,
It can never fly from you.

XVIII.

ANOTHER.

All of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other.
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits and takes them in the dark:
He's the regiſter of all
In our ken, both great and ſmall;
By us forms his laws and rules;
He's our maſter, we his tools;
Yet we can with greateſt eaſe
Turn and wind him where we pleaſe.
  One of us alone can ſleep,
Yet no watch the reſt will keep,
But the moment that he cloſes,
Ev'ry brother elſe repoſes.

If wine's bought or victuals dreſt,
One enjoys them for the reſt.
Pierce us all with wounding ſteel,
One for all of us will feel.
Tho' ten thouſand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thouſand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful ſound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can ſmell.

XIX.

ANOTHER.

FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

I.

When on my boſom thy bright eyes,
Florinda! dart their heav'nly beams,
I feel not the leaſt love-ſurpriſe,
Yet endleſs tears flow down in ſtreams:
There's nought ſo beautiful in thee,
But you may find the ſame in me.

II.

The lilies of thy ſkin compare,
In me you ſee them full as white;
The roſes of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight:
Then ſince I ſhew as fine a face,
Can you refuſe a ſoft embrace?

III.

Ah, lovely Nymph! thou'rt in thy prime,
And ſo am I whilſt thou art here,
But ſoon will come the fatal time
When all we ſee ſhall diſappear.
'Tis mine to make a juſt reflection,
And your's to follow my direction.

IV.

Then catch admirers while you may;
Treat not your lovers with diſdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again.
To you the ſad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no ſecond ſpring.

XX.

ANOTHER.

Never ſpeaking, ſtill awake,
Pleaſing moſt when moſt I ſpeak,
The delight of old and young,
Tho' I ſpeak without a tongue;
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog or cow,
I can bark or I can low;

I can bleat or I can ſing,
Like the warblers of the ſpring.
Let the love-ſick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy ſwain rejoice,
And I join my helpnig voice.
Both are welcome, grief or joy;
I with either ſport and toy.
Tho' a lady, I am ſtout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out;
Then I claſh, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudeſt thunder,
When I'm vex'd can't keep me under;
Yet ſo tender is my ear,
That the loweſt voice I fear:
Much I dread the courtier's fate
When his merit's out of date;
For I hate a ſilent breath,
And a whiſper is my death.

Echo

XXI.

ANOTHER.

Most things by me do riſe and fall,
And as I pleaſe they're great and ſmall;
Invading foes, without reſiſtance,
With eaſe I make to keep their diſtance.

Again, as I'm difpos'd, the foe
Will come, tho' not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping fwains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
The greateft whale that fwims the fea
Does inftantly my pow'r obey.
In vain from me the failor flies;
The quickeft fhip I can furprife,
And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it againft tide and wind:
Nay, bring me here the talleft man,
I'll fqueeze him to a little fpan;
Or bring a tender child and pliant,
You'll fee me ftretch him to a giant;
Nor fhall they in the leaft complain,
Becaufe my magic gives no pain.

XXII.

ANOTHER.

We are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of lofs and gain;
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and fome undone:

But men find it to their coſt,
Few are made, but numbers loſt:
Tho' we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

XXIII.

A RIDDLE. BY DR. DELANY.

Inſcribed to the Lady Carteret.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without ſtretching a finger or ſtirring a foot;
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Tho' many and various, and large and aſunder.
Without joſtling or crowding they paſs ſide by ſide,
Thro' a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide;
Then I lodge them at eaſe in a very large ſtore,
Of no breadth or length, with a thouſand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Tho' ſometimes they ſay I bewitch and do harm.
Tho' cold I inflame, and tho' quiet invade,
And nothing can ſhield from my ſpell but a ſhade.
A thief that has robb'd you or done you diſgrace,
In magical mirrour I'll ſhew you his face:
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have ſaid,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers, ſafe in my circle I dwell;
I love to look black too, it heightens my ſpell.
Tho' my magic is mighty in every hue,
Who ſee all my power muſt ſee it in you.

XXIV.

The foregoing Riddle anſwered

BY DR. SWIFT.

With half an eye
Your riddle I ſpy.
I obſerve your wicket
Hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever paſſes
Is ſtrain'd thro' glaſſes.
You ſay it is quiet;
I flatly deny it:
It wanders about,
Without ſtirring out;
No paſſion ſo weak
But gives it a tweak:
Love, joy, and devotion
See it always in motion.
And as for the tragic
Effects of its magic,
Which you ſay it can kill,
Or revive at its will,
The dead are all found
And revive above ground.
After all you have writ
It cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow,
Since it flies from Apollo.

Its cowardice ſuch,
It cries at a touch;
'Tis a perfect milkſop,
Grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault,
It cannot bear ſalt;
And a hair can diſarm
It of every charm.

XXV.

A RIDDLE. BY DR. SWIFT.

To my Lady Carteret.

From India's burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales by zephyrs fraught,
For Iris, when ſhe paints the ſky,
Can't ſhew more different hues than I;
Nor can ſhe change her form ſo faſt;
I'm now a ſail, and now a maſt.
I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen.
I ſometimes live in houſe of hair,
And oft' in hand of lady fair.
I pleaſe the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme—and you're the man.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

EPIGRAM,

On ſeeing a worthy prelate go out of St. Anne's church, in the time of divine ſervice, to wait on his Grace the D. of D—— on his arrival.

Lord Pam in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd down,
But when told the Lieutenant was juſt come to town,
His ſtation deſpiſing, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on his Grace.
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no hand in his Lordſhip's promotion.

II.

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRASHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM.

Written in the year 1730.

The Thraſher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail;
The proverb ſays, No fence againſt a flail.
From thraſhing corn he turns to thraſh his brains,
For which her Majeſty allows him grains;
Tho' 'tis confeſs'd that thoſe who ever ſaw
His poems, think them all not worth a ſtraw.

Thrice happy Duck! employ'd in thraſhing ſtubble;
Thy toil is leſſen'd, and thy profits double.

III.

AN EPIGRAM

ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CART'RET was welcom'd to the ſhore
Firſt with the brazen cannons' roar;
To meet him next the ſoldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town, he hears
The brazen bell ſalute his ears;
But when Wood's braſs began to ſound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

IV.

ANOTHER.

ON THE D——E OF C——S.

J——S B——S was the Dean's familiar friend;
James grows a Duke; their friendſhip here muſt end.
Surely the Dean deſerves a ſore rebuke,
From knowing James to ſay he knows a Duke.

V.

AN EPIGRAM ON SCOLDING.

GREAT folks are of a finer mould;
Lord! how politely they can ſcold!
While a coarſe Engliſh tongue will itch
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

VI.

AN EPIGRAM ON DIC.

Dic, heris agro at an da quarto finale,
Fora ringat ure nos an da ſtringat ure tale.

VII.

EPIGRAM

Written upon a window in an Inn

We fly from luxury and wealth,
To hardſhips in purſuit of health;
From gen'rous wines and coſtly fare,
And dozing in an eaſy chair;
Purſue the goddeſs Health in vain,
To find her in a country ſcene,
And ev'ry where her footſteps trace,
And ſee her marks in ev'ry face;
And ſtill her favourites we meet,
Crowding the roads with naked feet;
But, oh! ſo faintly we purſue,
We ne'er can have her full in view.

VIII.

ANOTHER.

The glaſs, by lovers' nonſenſe blurr'd,
Dims and obſcures our ſight;
So when our paſſions love hath ſtirr d,
It darkens reaſon's light.

IX.

ANOTHER,

Written upon a window where there was no writing before.

THANKS to my ſtars I once can ſee
A window here from ſcribbling free:
Here no conceited coxcombs paſs,
To ſcratch their paltry drabs on glaſs;
No party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

X.

ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

MY landlord is civil,
But dear as the d—l:
Your pockets grow empty
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is ſo ſour
'Twill give you a ſcour:
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with ſtale:
The veal is ſuch carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a ſmelt.

XI.

ANOTHER, IN CHESTER.

THE walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And ſtrangers delight to walk round 'em;
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and ſellers,
For me you may hang 'em or drown 'em.

XII.

ANOTHER, AT HOLYHEAD.

O NEPTUNE! Neptune! muſt I ſtill
Be here detain'd againſt my will?
Is this your juſtice, when I'm come
Above two hundred miles from home,
O'er mountains ſteep, o'er duſty plains,
Half chok'd with duſt, half drown'd with rains,
Only your godſhip to implore,
To let me kiſs your other ſhore?
A boon ſo ſmall! but I may weep,
Whilſt you're, like Baal, faſt aſleep.

XIII.

EPIGRAM.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the ſtreet, and fled for his life;

Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſav'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome ſober advice—
But Tom is a perſon of honour ſo nice,
Too wiſe to take counſel, too proud to take warning,
That he ſent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

AN INSCRIPTION,

INTENDED FOR A COMPARTMENT IN DR. SWIFT'S MONUMENT,

Deſigned by Cunningham, on College-Green, Dublin.

SAY, to the Drapier's vaſt unbounded fame,
What added honours can the ſculptor give?
None.—'Tis a ſanction from the Drapier's name—
Muſt bid the ſculptor and his marble live.

June 4. 1765.

XIV.

AN EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the Drapier birth two realms contend,
And each aſſerts her poet, patriot, friend.
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loſs Iernia's laurel ſhall ſupply:
Thro' life's low vale ſhe, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal ſtones ſhall vindicate him dead. B. N.

XV.

A French gentleman, dining with ſome company on a faſt-day, called for ſome bacon and eggs: the reſt were very angry, and reproved him for ſo heinous a ſin; whereupon he wrote the following lines extempore.

"Peut on croire avec bon ſens
"Qu'un lardon le mit en colere?
"Ou que manger un harang,
"C'eſt un ſecret pour luy plaire?
"En ſa gloire envelopé
"Songe t'il bien de nos ſoupé?"

IN ENGLISH.

Who can believe, with common ſenſe,
A bacon-ſlice gives God offence?
Or how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to diſarm?
Wrapt up in majeſty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

XVI.

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

Now Europe's balanc'd, neither ſide prevails,
For nothing's left in either of the ſcales.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

I. AN ELEGY

On the ſuppoſed death of

PARTRIDGE THE ALMANAC-MAKER.

WELL, 'tis as Bickerſtaff has gueſt,
Tho' we all took it for a jeſt:
Partridge is dead: nay, more, he dy'd
Ere he could prove the good 'ſquire ly'd.
Strange an aſtrologer ſhould die
Without one wonder in the ſky!
Not one of all his crony ſtars
To pay their duty at his herſe!
No meteor, no eclipſe, appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The ſun has roſe and gone to bed
Juſt as if Partridge were not dead,
Nor hid himſelf behind the moon,
To make a dreadful night at noon:
He at fit periods walks thro' Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies,
And twice a-year he'll cut th' equator,
As if there had been no ſuch matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobbling and aſtrology;

How Partridge made his optics riſe
From a ſhoe-ſole to reach the ſkies.
  A liſt the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes,
From whence 'tis plain the diadem
That princes wear derives from them;
And therefore crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with golden ſtars and rays,
Which plainly ſhews the near alliance
'Twixt cobbling and the planets' ſcience.
  Beſides, that ſlow-pac'd ſign Boötes,
As 'tis miſcall'd, we know not who 'tis;
But Partridge ended all diſputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it Boots.
  The horned moon, which heretofore
Upon their ſhoes the Romans wore,
Whoſe wideneſs kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our ſhoeing horns,
Shews how the art of cobbling bears
A near reſemblance to the ſpheres.
  A ſcrap of parchment hung by geometry,
(A great refinement in barometry)
Can, like the ſtars, foretel the weather;
And what is parchment elſe but leather?
Which an aſtrologer might uſe
Either for almanacs or ſhoes.
  Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practiſe both theſe arts:

And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, becauſe her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,
And in his fancy fly as far,
To peep upon a twinkling ſtar.
  Beſides, he could confound the ſpheres
And ſet the planets by the ears.
To ſhew his ſkill, he Mars could join
To Venus in aſpect malign,
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
  Great ſcholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip King of Greece was dead,
His ſoul and ſpirit did divide,
And each part took a diff'rent ſide;
One roſe a ſtar, the other fell
Beneath, and mended ſhoes in hell.
  Thus Partridge ſtill ſhines in each art,
The cobbling and ſtar-gazing part,
And is inſtall'd as good a ſtar
As any of the Cæſars are.
Triumphant ſtar! ſome pity ſhow
On cobblers militant below,
Whom roguiſh boys in ſtormy nights
Torment by piſſing out their lights;

Or thro' a chink convey their ſmoke,
Inclos'd artificers to choke.
Thou, high exalted in thy ſphere,
May'ſt follow ſtill thy calling there:
To thee the Bull will lend his hide,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd;
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And ſcrape her pitchy ſides for wax;
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee ends;
The point of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an awl by heav'nly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife:
For want of room by Virgo's ſide
She'll ſtrain a point and ſit aſtride,
To take thee kindly in between,
And then the ſigns will be thirteen.

THE EPITAPH.

Here, five foot deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, ſtarmonger, and quack,
Who to the ſtars, in pure good will,
Does to his beſt look upward ſtill.
Weep, all you cuſtomers that uſe
His pills, his almanacs, or ſhoes;
And you that did your fortunes ſeek,
Step to his grave but once a-week:

This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has ſo much virtue in't,
That I durſt pawn my ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In phyſic, ſtolen goods, or love,
As he himſelf could when above.

II. AN ELEGY

ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF MR. DEMAR,

The famous rich Uſurer, who died the 6th of July 1720 *.

Written in the year 1720.

KNOW all men by theſe preſents, Death, the tamer,
By mortgage hath ſecur'd the corpſe of Demar;
No can four hundred thouſand Sterling pound
Redeem him from his priſon under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth poſſeſt,
Beſtow to bury him one iron cheſt.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful ſteward in the ſhades below.
He walk'd the ſtreets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and ſupp'd at charge of other folk;
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms:
So to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himſelf.

* This Elegy was a ſubject ſtarted, and partly executed, in company, conſiſting of Swift and Stella, and a few friends. Every one threw in a hint, and Stella's were the 31ſt, 32d, 33d, and 34th lines. *Hawkeſ.*

Where'er he went he never ſaw his betters;
Lords, knights, and 'ſquires, were all his humble [debtors;
And under hand and ſeal the Iriſh nation
Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.
He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His coffers from the coffin could not ſave,
Nor all his int'reſt keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Becauſe we wiſh the earth upon him light.
Oh, London Tavern *! thou haſt loſt a friend,
Tho' in thy walls he ne'er did farthing ſpend:
He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot:
The hand that ſign'd the mortgage paid the ſhot.
Old as he was, no vulgar known diſeaſe
On him could ever boaſt a power to ſeize;
But as his gold he weigh'd, grim Death in ſpite
Caſt in his dart, which made three moidores light:
And as he ſaw his darling money fail,
Blew his laſt breath to ſink the lighter ſcale.
He who ſo long was current, 'twould be ſtrange
If he ſhould now be cry'd down ſince his change.
The ſexton ſhall green ſods on thee beſtow:
Alas! the ſexton is thy banker now.
A diſmal banker muſt that banker be
Who gives no bills but of mortality.

* A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office.

THE EPITAPH.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wiſe.
His heirs, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his carcaſs in a cheſt,
The very cheſt in which, they ſay,
His other ſelf, his money, lay;
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear ſelf he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

III. A SATIRICAL ELEGY

On the death of

A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.

His Grace! impoſſible! what, dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall?
And ſo inglorious, after all!
Well, ſince he's gone no matter how,
The laſt loud trump muſt wake him now;
And, truſt me, as the noiſe grows ſtronger,
He'd wiſh to ſleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed ſo old
As by the newſpapers we're told?
Threeſcore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conſcience he ſhould die.

This world he cumber'd long enough ;
He burnt his candle to the ſnuff;
And that's the reaſon, ſome folks think,
He left behind ſo great a ſt—k.
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's ſighs nor orphan's tears,
Wont at ſuch times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progreſs of his herſe.
But what of that ? his friends may ſay
He had thoſe honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he dy'd.
   Come hither, all ye empty things,
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings,
Who flote upon the tide of ſtate,
Come hither, and behold your fate !
Let pride be taught by this rebuke
How very mean a thing's a duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he ſprung,

IV. AN EPITAPH

ON GENERAL G****S AND LADY M**TH.

I.

UNDER this ſtone lie Dicky and Dolly ;
Doll dying firſt, Dick grew melancholy,
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

II.

Dick loſt in Doll a wife tender and dear,
But Dick loſt by Doll twelve hundred a-year,
A loſs that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

III.

Dick ſigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms croſt,
Thought much of his Doll and the jointure he loſt;
The firſt vex'd him much, the other vex'd moſt.

IV.

Thus loaded with grief Dick ſigh'd and he cry'd;
To live without both full three days he try'd,
But lik'd neither loſs, and ſo quietly dy'd.

V.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, Reader, pray ſhed ſome tears of ſalt water,
For ſo ſad a tale is no ſubject of laughter.

VI.

M—th ſmiles for the jointure, tho' gotten ſo late,
The ſon laughs that got the hard-gotten eſtate,
And Cuff * grins, forgetting the Alicant plate.

VII.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to riſe one day,
Both ſolemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here reſt. *Sic tranſit gloria mundi.*

* General G——s's ſon-in-law.

V. A QUIBBLING ELEGY,

ON THE WORSHIPFUL JUDGE BOAT.

Written in the year 1723.

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel Fate hath ſunk our Juſtice Boat.
Why ſhould he ſink where nothing ſeem'd to preſs?
His lading little, and his ballaſt leſs,
Toſt in the waves of this tempeſtuous world,
At length his anchor fix'd and canvaſs furl'd,
To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end he founders in the port:
With water fill'd †, he could no longer flote,
The common death of many a ſtronger Boat.
  A poſt ſo fill'd on Nature's laws intrenches;
Benches on boats are plac'd, not Boats on benches:
And yet our Boat, how ſhall I reconcile it?
Was both a Boat, and in one ſenſe a pilot!
With every wind he ſail'd, and well could tack,
Had many pendents, but abhorr'd a Jack ‡.
He's gone, altho' his friends began to hope
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.
  Behold the awful bench on which he ſat!
He was as hard and pond'rous wood as that:

* Two villages near the ſea, where boatmen and ſeamen live.

† It was ſaid he died of a dropſy.

‡ A cant word for a Jacobite.

Yet when his ſand was out, we find, at laſt,
That Death has overſet him with a blaſt.
Our Boat is now ſail'd to the Stygian ferry,
There to ſupply old Charon's leaky wherry:
Charon in him will ferry ſouls to hell,
A trade our Boat * hath practis'd here ſo well;
And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
Both pitch and brimſtone to fill up his flaws.
Yet, ſpite of Death and Fate, I here maintain
We may place Boat in his old poſt again.
The way is thus, and well deſerves your thanks;
Take the three ſtrongeſt of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conſpicuous to be ſeen,
Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's Green †,
And when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
We'll cry, "Look! here's our Boat, and there's the
pendent."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies Judge Boat within a coffin;
Pray, gentle folks! forbear your ſcoffing.
A Boat a judge! yes; where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no ſuch wonder:
And in his robes, you muſt agree,
No Boat was better deck'd than he.
'Tis needleſs to deſcribe him fuller;
In ſhort, he was an able ſculler.

* In hanging people as a judge.
† Where the Dublin gallows ſtands.

VI. AN EPITAPH,

To the memory of Frederick Duke of Schomberg, who was unhappily killed in croſſing the river Boyne, on the firſt of July 1690, and was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the Dean and Chapter erected a ſmall monument to his honour at their own expenſe.

Hic infra ſitum eſt corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
Ad Bubindam occiſi, A. D. 1690.
Decanus et capitulum maximopere
Etiam atque etiam petierunt,
Ut heredes Ducis monumentum
In memoriam parentis erigendum curarent:
Sed poſtquam per epiſtolas, per amicos,
Diu ac ſæpe orando nil profecere;
Hunc demum lapidem ipſi ſtatuerunt,
Saltem * ut ſcias, hoſpes,
Ubinam terrarum Sconbergenſes cineres deliteſcunt.

Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
Quam ſanguinis proximitas apud ſuos.

A. D. 1731.

* The words that Dr. Swift firſt concluded the Epitaph with were, *Saltem ut ſcias viator indignabundus, quali in cellula tanti ductoris cineris deliteſcunt*: for the Author was always heard to ſpeak with great reverence of the memory of that brave Duke, as well as his glorious maſter King William; and indeed of all others who have ſtruggled for the liberties of theſe kingdoms againſt the repeated attempts of arbitrary power.

POEMS TO STELLA.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We ſha'n't diſpute a year or more.)
However, Stella, be not troubled;
Altho' thy ſize and years are doubled,
Since firſt I ſaw thee at ſixteen,
The brighteſt virgin on the green,
So little is thy form declin'd,
Made up ſo largely in thy mind.
Oh! would it pleaſe the gods to ſplit
Thy beauty, ſize, and years, and wit,
No age could furniſh out a pair
Of nymphs ſo graceful, wiſe, and fair,
With half the luſtre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and ſize:
And then, before it grew too late,
How ſhould I beg of gentle Fate
(That either nymph might have her ſwain)
To ſplit my Worſhip too in twain.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1720.

ALL travellers at firſt incline
Where'er they ſee the faireſt ſign,
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,

Will call again, and recommend
The Angel-Inn to ev'ry friend.
What tho' the painting grows decay'd ?
The houſe will never loſe its trade ;
Nay, tho' the treach'rous tapſter Thomas
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that ſtrangers may miſtake it,
We think it both a ſhame and ſin
To quit the true Old Angel-Inn.
  Now this is Stella's caſe in fact;
An angel's face a little crack'd ;
(Could poets, or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-ſix :)
This drew us in at firſt to find
In ſuch a form an angel's mind,
And ev'ry virtue now ſupplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding ſwains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and ſenſe,
And puts them but to ſmall expenſe ;
Their mind ſo plentifully fills,
And makes ſuch reaſonable bills,
So little gets for what ſhe gives,
We really wonder how ſhe lives!
And, had her ſtock been leſs, no doubt
She muſt have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place
When Doll hangs out a newer face,
Or ſtop and light at Chloe's Head,
With ſcraps and leavings to be fed?
Then, Chloe, ſtill go on to prate
Of thirty-ſix and thirty-eight;
Purſue your trade of ſcandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendos, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows;
And let me warn you to believe
A truth for which your ſoul ſhould grieve,
That ſhould you live to ſee the day
When Stella's locks muſt all be gray,
When age muſt print a furrow'd trace
On ev'ry feature of her face,
Tho' you, and all your ſenſeleſs tribe,
Could Art, or Time, or Nature, bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen,
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
All men of ſenſe will paſs your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourſcore.

TO STELLA,

WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED HIS POEMS.

Written in the year 1720.

As when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd
Who bring the lime or place the ſtones,
But all admire Inigo Jones;
So if this pile of ſcatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after-times,
If it both pleaſes and endures,
The merit and the praiſe are your's.
Thou, Stella! wert no longer young
When firſt for thee my harp I ſtrung:
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts;
With friendſhip and eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted Love a gueſt.
In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife,
Variety we ſtill purſue,
In pleaſure ſeek for ſomething new;
Or elſe, comparing with the reſt,
Take comfort that our own is beſt;
The beſt we value by the worſt,
(As tradeſmen ſhew their traſh at firſt)

But his purſuits are at an end
Whom Stella chuſes for a friend.
  A poet ſtarving in a garret,
Conning old topics like a parrot,
Invokes his miſtreſs and his Muſe,
And ſtays at home for want of ſhoes:
Should but his Muſe, deſcending, drop
A ſlice of bread and mutton-chop,
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surpriſe him with a pint of ſtout,
Or patch his broken ſtocking-ſoals,
Or ſend him in a peck of coals,
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the ſtars behind,
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
  Or ſhould a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris,
Be told the lodging, lane, and ſign,
The bow'rs that hold thoſe nymphs divine,
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground,
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her ſhoulders mark'd with bloody tracks,
Bright Phillis mending ragged ſmocks,
And radiant Iris in the pox.
  Theſe are the goddeſſes enroll'd
In Curll's Collection new and old,

Whoſe ſcoundrel fathers would not know 'em
If they ſhould meet them in a poem.
True poets can depreſs and raiſe,
Are lords of infamy and praiſe;
They are not ſcurrilous in ſatire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjuſtly poets we aſperſe:
Truth ſhines the brighter clad in verſe;
And all the fictions they purſue
Do but inſinuate what is true.
Now, ſhould my praiſes owe their truth
To beauty, dreſs, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call without our pow'r,
They could not be inſur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual ſtock,
That muſt our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant ſhoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verſes bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.
So Mævius, when he drain'd his ſcull
To celebrate ſome ſuburb trull,
His ſimilies in order ſet,
And ev'ry crambo he could get,
Had gone thro' all the common places
Worn out by wits who rhyme on faces,
Before he could his poem cloſe
The lovely nymph had loſt her noſe.

Your virtues ſafely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let Malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not ſay the poet lies.
Stella, when you theſe lines tranſcribe,
Leſt you ſhould take them for a bribe,
Reſolv'd to mortify your pride,
I'll here expoſe your weaker ſide.
Your ſpirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lighteſt touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindneſs tries
To ſhew you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incenſe;
Perverſeneſs is your whole defence:
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to ſpite,
Regardleſs both of wrong and right:
Your virtues all ſuſpended wait
Till Time hath open'd Reaſon's gate;
And, what is worſe, your paſſion bends
Its force againſt your neareſt friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for ſee, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble gen'rous mind,
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, tho' with trembling, all admire,

The heat that makes the ſummit glow
Enriching all the vales below.
Thoſe who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they ſuffer pain,
Muſt own that pain is largely paid
By gen'rous wines beneath a ſhade.
  Yet when I find your paſſions riſe,
And anger ſparkling in your eyes,
I grieve thoſe ſpirits ſhould be ſpent,
For nobler ends by Nature meant.
One paſſion with a diff'rent turn
Makes wit inflame or anger burn:
So the ſun's heat, with diff'rent pow'rs,
Ripens the grape, the liquor ſours.
Thus Ajax, when with rage poſſeſt,
By Pallas breath'd into his breaſt,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy,
But, blinded by reſentment, ſeeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.
  You think this turbulence of blood
From ſtagnating preſerves the flood,
Which thus fermenting, by degrees
Exalts the ſpirits, ſinks the lees.
  Stella! for once you reaſon wrong;
For ſhould this ferment laſt too long,
By time ſubſiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind:

From paſſion you may then be freed,
When peeviſhneſs and ſpleen ſucceed.
Say, Stella! when you copy next,
Will you keep ſtrictly to the text?
Dare you let theſe reproaches ſtand,
And to your failing ſet your hand?
Or if theſe lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baſer flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they muſt,
They'll prove my accuſation juſt.

TO STELLA, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Written anno 1721,-2.

WHILE, Stella, to your laſting praiſe
The Muſe her annual tribute pays,
While I aſſign myſelf a taſk
Which you expect, but ſcorn to aſk;
If I perform this taſk with pain,
Let me of partial Fate complain;
You ev'ry year the debt enlarge,
I grow leſs equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter ſhines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will ſoon in vain be ſtrung,
And all your virtues left unſung,

For none among the upſtart race
Of poets dare aſſume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They muſt have Stellas of their own;
And thus, my ſtock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unleſs ———, as my heir,
Will anſwer for the whole arrear.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1722,

A great Bottle of wine, long buried, being that day dug up.

Resolv'd my annual verſe to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furniſh'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely ſat me down to think;
I bit my nails, and ſcratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled;
Or if, with more than uſual pain,
A thought came ſlowly from by brain,
It coſt me Lord knows how much time
To ſhape it into ſenſe and rhyme;
And, what was yet a greater curſe,
Long thinking made my fancy worſe.
 Forſaken by th' inſpiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's ſhrine;

I told him what the world would ſay
If Stella were unſung to-day;
How I ſhould hide my head for ſhame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sh——n, the rogue, would ſneer,
And ſwear it would not always follow
That *ſemel in anno ridet Apollo*;
I have aſſur'd them twenty times
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inſpir'd me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove;
But finding me ſo dull and dry ſince,
They'll call it all poetic licenſe;
And when I brag of aid divine,
Think Euſden's right as good as mine.
  Nor do I aſk for Stella's ſake;
'Tis my own credit lies at ſtake;
And Stella will be ſung, while I
Can only be a ſtander-by.
  Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this anſwer to a tittle.
  "Tho' you ſhould live like old Methuſalem,
"I furniſh hints, and you ſhould uſe all 'em,
"You yearly ſing as ſhe grows old,
"You'd leave her virtues half untold:
"But, to ſay truth, ſuch dulneſs reigns
"Thro' the whole ſet of Iriſh Deans,

"I'm daily ſtunn'd with ſuch a medley,
"Dean W——, Dean D——, and Dean Smedley,
"That, let what Dean ſoever come,
"My orders are, I'm not at home;
"And if your voice had not been loud,
"You muſt have paſs'd among the crowd.
"But now, your danger to prevent,
"You muſt apply to Mrs. Brent,
"For ſhe, as prieſteſs, knows the rites
"Wherein the god of earth delights.
"Firſt, nine ways looking, let her ſtand
"With an old poker in her hand;
"Let her deſcribe a circle round
"In Saunders' cellar on the grouud;
"A ſpade let prudent Archy hold,
"And with diſcretion dig the mould,
"Let Stella look with watchful eye,
"Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.
"Behold the Bottle, where it lies
"With neck elated tow'rds the ſkies!
"The god of winds and god of fire
"Did to its wondrous birth conſpire,
"And Bacchus for the poets' uſe
"Pour'd in a ſtrong inſpiring juice.
"See! as you raiſe it from its tomb,
"I drags behind a ſpacious womb,
"And in the ſpacious womb contains
"A ſov'reign med'cine for the brains.

"You'll find it ſoon if Fate conſents;
"If not, a thouſand Mrs. Brents,
"Ten thouſand Archys arm'd with ſpades,
"May dig in vain to Pluto's ſhades.
"From thence a plenteous draught infuſe,
"And boldly then invoke the Muſe;
"(But firſt let Robert, on his knees,
"With caution drain it from the lees)
"The Muſe will at your call appear,
"With Stella's praiſe to crown the year."

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK,

A HOUSE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

Eight miles from Dublin.

Written in the year 1723.

-------Cuicunque nocere volebat
Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa.

Don Carlos, in a merry ſpite,
Did Stella to his houſe invite;
He entertain'd her half a year
With gen'rous wines and coſtly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That ſhe might o'er the ſervants hector:
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the higheſt price:

Now at the table-head ſhe ſits,
Preſented with the niceſt bits;
She look'd on partridges with ſcorn,
Except they taſted of the corn;
A haunch of ven'ſon made her ſweat,
Unleſs it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earneſtly would beg,
Dear Madam! try this pigeon's leg;
Was happy when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Thro' candle-light ſhe view'd the wine,
To ſee that ev'ry glaſs was fine.
At laſt grown prouder than the devil,
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he deſign'd.
The winter-ſky began to frown,
Poor Stella muſt pack off to town;
From purling ſtreams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffey's ſtinking tide at Dublin;
From wholeſome exerciſe and air,
To ſoſſing in an eaſy chair;
From ſtomach ſharp and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding;
From ruling there the houſehold ſingly,
To be directed here by Dingley;
From ev'ry day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and God be thanked;

From ev'ry meal, Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty;
From Ford attending at her call,
To visits of ——— ——— ———;
From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean;
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running out by starving here.
But now arrives the dismal day,
She must return to Ormond-quay.
The coachman stopt, she look'd, and swore
The rascal had mistook the door.
At coming in you saw her stoop;
The entry brush'd against her hoop.
Each moment rising in her airs,
She curs'd the narrow winding stairs;
Began a thousand faults to spy;
The cieling hardly six feet high;
The smutty wainscot full of cracks,
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Ladyday,
She vows she will no longer stay
In lodgings, like a poor grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let.
Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup,
When all the while you might remark
She strove in vain to ape Wood-park.

Two bottles call'd for (half her ſtore,
The cupboard could contain but four)
A ſupper worthy of herſelf,
Five nothings in five plates of delf.
  Thus for a week the farce went on,
When, all her country ſavings gone,
She fell into her former ſcene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
  Thus far in jeſt; tho' now, I fear,
You think my jeſting too ſevere;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether falſe or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence
Where truth has not the leaſt pretence,
Nor can be more ſecurely plac'd,
Than on a nymph of Stella's taſte.
I muſt confeſs your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little;
Your table neat, your linen fine,
And, tho' in miniature, you ſhine;
Yet when you ſigh to leave Wood-park,
The ſcene, the welcome, and the ſpark,
To languiſh in this odious town,
And pull your haughty ſtomach down,
We think you quite miſtake the caſe;
The virtue lies not in the place;
For tho' my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

TO STELLA,

Written on the day of her birth, but not on the subject, when I was sick in bed. March 13. 1723,-4.

TORMENTED with inceſſant pains,
Can I deviſe poetic ſtrains?
Time was when I could yearly pay
My verſe on Stella's native day;
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve ſhe ever ſaw the light;
Ungrateful, ſince to her I owe
That I theſe pains can undergo.
She tends me like an humble ſlave,
And when indecently I rave,
When out my brutiſh paſſions break,
With gall in ev'ry word I ſpeak,
She with ſoft ſpeech my anguiſh cheers,
Or melts my paſſions down with tears;
Altho' 'tis eaſy to deſcry
She wants aſſiſtance more than I,
Yet ſeems to feel my pains alone,
And is a Stoic in her own.
When among ſcholars can we find
So ſoft and yet ſo firm a mind?
All accidents of life conſpire
To raiſe up Stella's virtue highr;
Or elſe to introduce the reſt
Which had been latent in her breaſt.

Her firmneſs who could e'er have known,
Had ſhe not evils of her own?
Her kindneſs who could ever gueſs,
Had not her friends been in diſtreſs?
Whatever baſe returns you find
From me, Dear Stella! ſtill be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Tho' I continue ſtill a brute.
But when I once am out of pain,
I promiſe to be good again:
Mean-time your other juſter friends
Shall for my follies make amends:
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1724.

As when a beauteous nymph decays,
We ſay ſhe's paſt her dancing-days,
So poets loſe their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather choſe
To celebrate your birth in proſe;
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,
Call the old houſekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better.
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,

That Stella may avoid difgrace,
Once more the Dean fupplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too fad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of Wit and Beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and fhe fifteen.
No poet ever fweetly fung
Unlefs he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph infpi 'd to rhyme,
Unlefs, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-fix, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a fubject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes;
You muft be grave, and I be wife.
Our fate in vain we would oppofe;
But I'll be ftill your friend in profe:
Efteem and friendfhip to exprefs
Will not require poetic drefs,
And if the Mufe deny her aid
To have them fung, they may be faid.
But, Stella, fay, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young?
That Time fits with his fcythe to mow
Where erft fat Cupid with his bow?
That half your locks are turn'd to gray?
I'll ne'er believe a word they fay.

'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are ſomewhat dimiſh grown;
For Nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my ſight,
And wrinkles undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
For I'm aſham'd to uſe a glaſs;
And till I ſee them with theſe eyes,
Whoever ſays you have them lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, ſenſe and wit;
Thus you may ſtill be young to me,
While I can better hear than ſee.
Oh, ne'er may Fortune ſhew her ſpight,
To make me deaf and mend my ſight!

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY,

MARCH 13. 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall ſtill be kept with joy by me:
This day, then, let us not be told
That you are ſick and I grown old,
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of ſpectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear ſuch mortifying ſtuff.
Yet ſince from reaſon may be brought
A better and more pleaſing thought,

Which can, in ſpite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days,
From not the graveſt of divines
Accept for once ſome ſerious lines.
Altho' we now can form no more
Long ſchemes of life, as heretofore,
Yet you, while time is running faſt,
Can look with joy on what is paſt.
Were future happineſs and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As Athieſts argue, to entice
And fit their proſelytes for vice,
(The only comfort they propoſe,
To have companions in their woes)
Grant this the caſe; yet ſure 'tis hard
That virtue, ſtyl'd its own reward,
And by all ſages underſtood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die, nor leave behind
Some laſting pleaſure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will aſſuage
Grief, ſickneſs, poverty, and age,
And ſtrongly ſhoot a radiant dart
To ſhine thro' life's declining part.
Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well ſpent?
Your ſkilful hand employ'd to ſave
Deſpairing wretches from the grave,

And then ſupporting with your ſtore
Thoſe whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preſerving what it firſt creates.
Your gen'rous boldneſs to defend
An innocent and abſent friend;
That courage which can make you juſt
To merit humbled in the duſt;
The deteſtation you expreſs
For vice in all its glitt'ring dreſs;
That patience under tort'ring pain,
Where ſtubborn Stoics would complain;
Muſt theſe like empty ſhadows paſs,
Or forms reflected from a glaſs?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And had it not been ſtill ſupply'd,
It muſt a thouſand times have dy'd.
Then who with reaſon can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind,
Upheld by each good action paſt,
And ſtill continu'd by the laſt?
Then who with reaſon can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?

Believe me, Stella, when you ſhow
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart:
For Virtue in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face,
Looks back with joy where ſhe has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your ſickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better ſtate.
O then, whatever Heav'n intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends;
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, ſurely me, you ought to ſpare,
Who gladly would your ſuff'rings ſhare,
Or give my ſcrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whoſe care ſo oft' I owe
That I'm alive to tell you ſo.

TO STELLA,

Viſiting me in my ſickneſs, October 1727.

Pallas, obſerving Stella's wit
Was more than for her ſex was fit,

And that her beauty, ſoon or late,
Might breed confuſion in the ſtate,
In high concern for human-kind,
Fix'd honour in her infant mind.
But (not in wranglings to engage
With ſuch a ſtupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It anſwers faith in things divine.
As nat'ral life the body warms,
And, ſcholars teach, the ſoul informs,
So honour animates the whole,
And is the ſpirit of the ſoul.
Thoſe num'rous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moraliſts deſcribe,
And by ſuch various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule ſupreme,
Choler preſide, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no diff'rence in the caſe,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
But leſt we ſhould for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake,
Or think it ſeated in a ſcar,
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We loſe with ſharpers at picquet,
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an aſſignation,

Or that on which his Lordſhip ſwears,
When vulgar knaves would loſe their ears,
Let Stella's fair example preach
A leſſon ſhe alone can teach.
In points of honour to be try'd,
All paſſions muſt be laid aſide;
Aſk no advice, but think alone;
Suppoſe the queſtion not your own:
How ſhall I act? is not the caſe,
But how would Brutus in my place?
In ſuch a cauſe would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
Drive all objections from your mind,
Elſe you relapſe to human-kind;
Ambition, avarice, and luſt,
And factious rage, and breach of truſt,
And flatt'ry tipt with nauſeous fleer,
And guilty ſhame, and ſervile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preſide.
Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the ſkies,
To which (tho' late) ſhall Stella riſe.
Ten thouſand oaths upon record
Are not ſo ſacred as her word;
The world ſhall in its atoms end
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.

By honour ſeated in her breaſt
She ſtill determines what is beſt.
What indignation in her mind
Againſt enſlavers of mankind!
Baſe kings and miniſters of ſtate
Eternal objects of her hate.
She thinks that Nature ne'er deſign'd
Courage to man alone confin'd.
Can cowardice her ſex adorn,
Which moſt expoſes ours to ſcorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to ſcream and ſtart,
Nor calls up all the houſe at night,
And ſwears ſhe ſaw a thing in white:
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Becauſe ſhe heard a ſudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and ſenſe;
Which, tho' her modeſty would ſhroud,
Breaks like the ſun behind a cloud,
While gracefulneſs its art conceals,
And yet thro' ev'ry motion ſteals.
Say, Stella! was Prometheus blind,
And forming you miſtook your kind?

No; 'twas for you alone he ſtole
The fire that forms a manly ſoul;
Then, to complete it ev'ry way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
How would Ingratitude delight,
And how would Cenſure glut her ſpight,
If I ſhould Stella's kindneſs hide
In ſilence, or forget with pride?
When on my ſickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly ſtrains,
Call'd ev'ry pow'r to eaſe my pains,
Then Stella ran to my relief
With cheerful face, and inward grief;
And, tho' by Heav'n's ſevere decree
She ſuffers hourly more than me,
No cruel maſter could require
From ſlaves employ'd for daily hire
What Stella, by her friendſhip warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd.
My ſinking ſpirits now ſupplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes,
Now, with a ſoft and ſilent tread,
Unheard, ſhe moves about my bed:
I ſee her taſte each nauſeous draught,
And ſo obligingly am caught:

I bleſs the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare diſtort my face for ſhame.
Beſt pattern of true friends! beware;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderneſs ſecures
My life, it muſt endanger your's;
For ſuch a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for an houſe decay'd.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH.

Written in the year 1724,-5.

THE Scottiſh hinds, too poor to houſe
In froſty nights their ſtarving cows,
While not a blade of graſs or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Muſt let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain:
Meagre and lank with faſting grown,
And nothing left but ſkin and bone,
Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They juſt keep life and ſoul together,
Till ſummer ſhow'rs and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;

And as the vegetables riſe,
The famiſh'd cow her want ſupplies:
Without an ounce of laſt year's fleſh,
Whate'er ſhe gains is young and freſh,
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As riſing from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to inchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.
  Why, Stella, ſhould you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'Tis juſt the caſe; for you have faſted
So long, till all your fleſh is waſted,
And muſt againſt the warmer days
Be ſent to Quilca Down * to graze,
Where mirth, and exerciſe, and air,
Will ſoon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within
Round all your body plump your ſkin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with ſprightly blood;
Nor fleſh nor blood will be the ſame,
Nor aught of Stella but the name;
For what was ever underſtood
By human-kind but fleſh and blood?
And if your fleſh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former you,

* Dr. Sheridan's houſe, forty miles from Dublin.

But for a blooming nymph will paſs,
Juſt fifteen coming ſummer's graſs;
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd,
While all the 'ſquires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jocky boots and ſilver ſpurs,
No leſs than juſtices o'Quorum,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiſs your ſteps at Quilca gates.
But leſt you ſhould my ſkill diſgrace,
Come back before you're out of caſe;
For if to Michaelmas you ſtay,
The new-born fleſh will melt away;
The 'ſquires, in ſcorn, will fly the houſe
For better game, and look for grouſe;
But here, before the froſt can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

IMITATIONS.

THE DESCRIPTION

OF A SALAMANDER,

OUT OF PLINY'S NATURAL HISTORY,

Lib. x. *c.* 67. *and Lib.* xxix. *c.* 4.

Written in the year 1706.

As maſtiff dogs, in modern phraſe, are
Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæſar;
As pyes and daws are often ſtyl'd
With Chriſtian nicknames like a child;
As we ſay Monſieur to an ape,
Without offence to human ſhape;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would beſt their nature ſuit.
The lion, eagle, fox, and boar,
Were heroes' titles heretofore,
Beſtow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To ſhew their valour, ſtrength, or wit;
For what is underſtood by fame
Beſides the getting of a name?
But ere ſince men invented guns
A diff'rent way their fancy runs.
To paint a hero we inquire
For ſomething that will conquer fire.

Would you deſcribe Turenne or Trump,
Think of a bucket or a pump.
Are theſe too low?—then find out grander,
Call my Lord Cutts a Salamander.
'Tis well;—but ſince we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object againſt the term,
Pliny ſhall prove what we affirm;
Pliny ſhall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by ſtanders-by.
First, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the ſerpent kind,
With gaudy coat and ſhining train,
But loathſome ſpots his body ſtain;
Out from ſome hole obſcure he flies,
When rains deſcend and tempeſts riſe,
Till the ſun clears the air, and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.
So, when the war has rais'd a ſtorm,
I've ſeen a ſnake in human form,
All ſtain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghil in a trice,
Burniſh and make a gaudy ſhow,
Become a gen'ral, peer, and beau,
Till peace hath made the ſky ſerene,
Then ſhrink into its hole again.
All this we grant—why, then look yonder,
Sure that muſt be a Salamander!

Farther, we are by Pliny told
This ferpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Befides, it fpues a filthy froth
(Whether true rage, or luft, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which happ'ning on the fkin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprofy and baldnefs round.
So have I feen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as fnow,
Whofe breath or touch, where'er he came,
Blew out Love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And fhould fome nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charleton cheap or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She foon would find the fame effects
Her tainted carcafe to purfue,
As from the Salamander's fpue;
A difmal fhedding of her locks,
And, if no leprofy, a pox.
Then I'll appeal to each by-ftander,
If this be not a Salamander.

A DESCRIPTION
OF A CITY-SHOWER.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

Written in the year 1712.

Careful obſervers may foretel the hour
(By ſure prognoſtics) when to dread a ſhow'r.
While rain depends the penſive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and purſues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the ſink
Strike your offended ſenſe with double ſtink.
If you be wiſe then go not far to dine;
You'll ſpend in coach-hire more than ſave in wine.
A coming ſhow'r your ſhooting corns preſage,
Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage:
Saunt'ring in coffeehouſe is Dulman ſeen,
He damns the climate, and complains of ſpleen,
 Mean-while the ſouth, riſing with dabbled wings,
A ſable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That ſwill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Briſk Suſan whips her linen from the rope,
While the firſt drizzling ſhow'r is borne aſlope;
Such is that ſprinkling which ſome careleſs quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not ſo clean:

You fly, invoke the gods, then turning, ſtop
To rail; ſhe, ſinging, ſtill whirls on her mop.
Not yet the duſt had ſhunn'd th' unequal ſtrife,
But, aided by the wind, fought ſtill for life,
And wafted with its foe by vi'lent guſt,
'Twas doubtful which was rain and which was duſt.
Ah! where muſt needy poets ſeek for aid,
When duſt and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat, where duſt cemented by the rain,
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy ſtain.

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
To ſhops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar ſpruce, while ev'ry ſpout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet ſeems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up ſempſtreſs walks with haſty ſtrides,
While ſtreams run down her oil'd umbrella's ſides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a ſhed.
Triumphant Tories and deſponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to ſave their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the beau impatient ſits,
While ſpouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather ſounds, he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden ſteed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,

(Thoſe bully Greeks, who, as the Moderns do,
Inſtead of paying chairmen run them through)
Laocoon ſtruck the outſide with his ſpear,
And each impriſon'd hero quak'd for fear.
  Now from all parts the ſwelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours ſeem to tell
What ſtreet they ſail'd from by their ſight and ſmell;
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St.'Pulchre's ſhape their courſe,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the Conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' ſtalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, ſtinking ſprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. VII.

IMITATED,

AND ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

In the year 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great ſupport,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares poſſeſt,
All Europe's bus'neſs in his breaſt)
Obſerv'd a parſon near Whitehall
Cheap'ning old authors on a ſtall.
The prieſt was pretty well in caſe,
And ſhew'd ſome humour in his face;
Look'd with an eaſy, careleſs mien,
A perfect ſtranger to the ſpleen;
Of ſize that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to ſit ſtill.
My Lord, (who, if a man may ſay't,
Loves miſchief better than his meat)

Strenuus et fortis, cauſiſque Philippus agendis
Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
Dum redit——
——Conſpexit, ut aiunt,
Adraſum quendam vacuâ tonſoris in umbrâ,
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.

Was now diſpos'd to crack a jeſt,
And bid friend Lewis go in queſt,
(This Lewis is a cunning ſhaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In queſt who might this parſon be,
What was his name, of what degree,
If poſſible to learn his ſtory,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
  Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes;
And quickly did the matter ſift,
Found out that it was Doctor Swift,
A clergyman of ſpecial note
For ſhunning thoſe of his own coat,
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no ſort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, ſaid what he thought,
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:

Demetri, (puer hic non lævè juſſa Philippi 15
Accipiebat) abi, quære, et refer: unde domo, quis,
Cujus fortunæ, quo ſit patre, quòve patrono?
It, redit, et narrat, Vulteium nomine Mænam. 23, 25
——Tenui cenſu, ſine crimine notum,
Et properare loco, et ceſſare, et quærere, et uti, 31
Gaudentem——

In ſtate-opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His Works were hawk'd in ev'ry ſtreet,
But ſeldom roſe above a ſheet:
Of late, indeed, the paper ſtamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And ſince he could not ſpend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, I deſire to know
From his own mouth if this be ſo;
Step to the Doctor ſtraight, and ſay,
I'd have him dine with me to-day.
Swift ſeem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had ſent,
So never offer'd once to ſtir,
But coldly ſaid, "Your ſervant, Sir!"
"Does he refuſe me?" Harley cry'd:
"He does, with inſolence and pride."

Scitari libet ex ipſo quæcunque refers. Dic 47
Ad cœnam veniat. Non ſanè credere Mæna;
Mirari ſecum tacitus.————
Benignè, reſpondet. 54
Negat ille mihi? 55

Some few days after Harley ſpies
The Doctor faſten'd by the eyes
At Charing-croſs among the rout,
Where painted monſters are hung out;
He pull'd the ſtring, and ſtopt his coach,
Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.
  Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came ſneaking to the chariot-ſide,
And offer'd many a lame excuſe;
He never meant the leaſt abuſe—
"My Lord—the honour you deſign'd—
"Extremely proud—but I had din'd—
"I'm ſure I never ſhould neglect—
"No man alive has more reſpect—"
"Well, I ſhall think of that no more,
"If you'll be ſure to come at four."

—Negat improbus, et te 59
Negligit, aut horret.
—Vulteium mane Philippus 57
Vilia vendentem tunicato ſcruta popello
Occupat, et ſalvere jubet prior.
—Ille Philippo 65
Excuſare laborem.——
—Sic ignoviſſe putato 71
Me tibi, ſi cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo
Poſt nonam venies——

The Doctor now obeys the ſummons,
Likes both his company and commons,
Diſplays his talent, ſits till ten;
Next day invited comes again;
Soon grows domeſtic; ſeldom fails
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early, and departed late;
In ſhort, the gudgeon took the bait.
My Lord would carry on the jeſt,
And down to Windſor takes his gueſt.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there,
In ſummer round the Park to ride,
In winter never to reſide.
"A Canon! that's a place too mean;
"No, Doctor, you ſhall be a Dean;
"Two dozen canons round your ſtall,
"And you the tyrant o'er them all:

Ut ventum ad cœnam eſt, dicenda, tacenda, locutus, 74
Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi ſæpe
Occultum viſus decurrere piſcis ad hamum,
Mane cliens, et jam certus conviva,——
——Jubetur 81
Rura ſuburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.
Impoſitus mannis, arvum cœlumque Sabinum
Non ceſſat laudare.—Videt, ridetque Philippus. 87

" You need but croſs the Iriſh ſeas,
" To live in plenty, pow'r, and eaſe."
Poor Swift departs; and, what is worſe,
With borrow'd money in his purſe;
Travels at leaſt an hundred leagues,
And ſuffers numberleſs fatigues.
 Suppoſe him now a Dean complete,
Devoutly lolling in his ſeat;
The ſilver virge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cuſhion-ſide;
Suppoſe him gone thro' all vexations,
Patents, inſtalments, abjurations,
Firſt-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats,
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and—cheats,
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.)
Now all the Doctor's money's ſpent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers ſpitefully combin'd
Force him to take his tithes in kind;
And Parviſol diſcounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
 Poor Swift, with all his loſſes vext,
Not knowing where to turn him next,

—Oves furto, morbo periere capellæ; 107
Spem mentita ſeges, bos eſt enectus arando;
Offenſus damnis, media de nocte caballum 113

Above a thouſand pounds in debt,
Takes horſe, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at ſuch a rate,
He ſoon arrives at Harley's gate,
But was ſo dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read would hardly let him in.
  Said Harley, " Welcome, Rev'rend Dean;
" What makes your Worſhip look ſo lean?
" Why, ſure you won't appear in Town
" In that old wig and ruſty gown?
" I doubt your heart is ſet on pelf
" So much, that you neglect yourſelf.
" What! I ſuppoſe now ſtocks are high,
" You've ſome good purchaſe in your eye;
" Or is your money out at uſe?—"
" Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,
(The Doctor in a paſſion cry'd)
" Your raillery is miſapply'd:
" Experience I have dearly bought;
" You know I am not worth a groat:
" But 'tis a folly to conteſt
" When you reſolve to have your jeſt;

Arripit, iratuſque Philippi tendit ad ædes.
Quem ſimul aſpexit ſcabrum intonſumque Philippus, 121
Durus, ait, Vultei, nimis attentuſque videris
Eſſe mihi.——

"Then, ſince you now have done your worſt,
"Pray leave me where you found me firſt." 138

Quod te per genium, dextramque; deoſq; penates 136
Obſecro, et obteſtor, vitæ me redde priori.

HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI.

PART OF IT IMITATED.

Written about the year 1713.

I've often wiſh'd that I had clear
For life ſix hundred pounds a-year,
A handſome houſe to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terras walk, and half a rood
Of land ſet out to plant a wood.
  Well, now I have all this, and more,
I aſk not to increaſe my ſtore,
But ſhould be perfectly content,
Could I but live on this ſide Trent,
Nor croſs the Channel twice a-year,
To ſpend ſix months with ſtateſmen here.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus, 1
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum ſylvæ ſuper his foret. Auctius atque
Dii melius fecêre.—— 7

I muſt by all means come to Town,
'Tis for the ſervice of the Crown;
" Lewis, the Dean will be of uſe;
" Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the ſeas,
Great miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or, let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
" Good Mr Dean, go change your gown,
" Let my Lord know you're come to Town."
I hurry me in haſte away.
Not thinking it is levee-day,
And find his Honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green;
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
Some wag obſerves me thus perplext,
And, ſmiling, whiſpers, to the next,
" I thought the Dean had been too proud
" To joſtle here among a crowd."
Another in a ſurly fit
Tells me I have more zeal than wit;

Sive Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem 17
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.
Quid vis, Inſane, et Quas res agis? improbus urget 35

" So eager to expreſs your love,
" You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
" But rudely preſs before a Duke."
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to ſhow
What I deſire the world ſhould know.
  I get a whiſper and withdraw,
When twenty fools I never ſaw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their friend.
  This humbly offers me his caſe—
That begs my int'reſt for a place—
An hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears,
" To-morrow my appeal comes on,
" Without your help the cauſe is gone"—
" The Duke expects my Lord and you
" About ſome great affair at two"—
" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
" To get my warrant quickly ſign'd:
" Conſider 'tis my firſt requeſt."—
" Be ſatisfy'd, I'll do my beſt."—

Iratis precibus, tu pulſes omne quod obſtat,
Ad Mecænatem memori ſi mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli eſt, non mentiar.———
—Aliena negotia centum 44
Per caput, et circa ſaliunt latus.———

Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
"I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
"And, Mr. Dean, one word from you."—
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" and, "How's the wind?
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country-signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a-week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to Town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.

—Si vis potes, addit; et instat, 60
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus, 63
Ex quo Mecænas me cœpit habere suorum
In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas.

Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well.
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
"I wonder what ſome people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown ſo great,
"Always together *tête à tête*—
"What! they admire him for his jokes—
"See but the fortune of ſome folks!"
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at court;
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great,
"Inform us, will the emp'ror treat?
"Or, do the prints and papers lie?"
"Faith, Sir, you know as much as I."
"Ah! Doctor, how you love to jeſt!
"'Tis now no ſecret"—"I proteſt
"'Tis one to me."—"Then tell us, pray,
"When are the troops to have their pay?"
And tho' I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

—Subjectior in diem et horam 81
Invidiæ.——
Frigidus à roſtris manat per compita rumor? 89
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit.——

They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
  Thus in a ſea of folly toſt,
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt,
Yet always wiſhing to retreat:
Oh, could I ſee my country ſeat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient book,
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the Court and Town.

Jurantem me ſcire nihil, mirantur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilenti.
O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoq; licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno, et inertibus horis
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD,

LATE LORD TREASURER.

Sent to him

When he was in the Tower, before his trial.

OUT OF HORACE.

Written in the year 1716.

How bleſs'd is he who for his country dies,
Since Death purſues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees, and Terror at his back;
Tho' Fear ſhould lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet ſwifter Fate will ſeize him from behind.
Virtue repuls'd yet knows not to repine,
But ſhall with unattainted honour ſhine;
Nor ſtoops to take the ſtaff, nor lays it down,
Juſt as the rabble pleaſe to ſmile or frown.
Virtue, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten paſſage to the ſky,
Where Jove a ſeat among the gods will give
To thoſe who die for meriting to live.
Next, faithful Silence hath a ſure reward;
Within our breaſt be ev'ry ſecret barr'd:
He who who betrays his friend ſhall never be
Under one roof, or in one ſhip, with me:

For who with traitors would his ſafety truſt,
Leſt with the wicked Heav'n involve the juſt?
And tho' the villain 'ſcape a while, he feels
Slow Vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,

TO DINE WITH THE CALF'S-HEAD CLUB.

Imitated from Horace, Lib. i. *Epiſt.* 5.

If, deareſt Diſmal! you for once can dine
Upon a ſingle diſh and tavern-wine,
T—l—nd to you this invitation ſends,
To eat the Calf's-head with your truſty friends.
Suſpend a while your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes;
To-morrow we our myſtic feaſt prepare,
Where thou, our lateſt proſelyte, ſhalt ſhare,
When we, by proper ſigns and ſymbols, tell
How, by brave hands, the royal traitor fell;

Si potes archaicis conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modica cœnare times olus omne patella;
Supremo te ſole domi, Torquate, manebo.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Mitte leves ſpes, et certamina divitiarum,
Et Moſchi cauſam. Cras, nato Cæſare, feſtus
Dat veniam ſomnumque dies: impune licebit

The meat ſhall repreſent the tyrant's head,
The wine his blood our predeceſſors ſhed;
Whilſt an alluding hymn ſome artiſt ſings,
We toaſt confuſion to the race of kings:
At monarchy we nobly ſhew our ſpight,
And talk what fools call treaſon all the night.
  Who, by diſgraces or ill fortune ſunk,
Feels not his ſoul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up G—d—lph—n's cloudy face,
And fill J—ck Sm—th with hopes to keep his place;
By force of wine ev'n Sc—rb—r—gh is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and S—mm—rs not ſo grave:
Wine can give P—rt—d wit, and Cl—v—nd ſenſe,
M—t—g—e learning, B—lt—n eloquence:
Ch—ly, when drunk, can never loſe his wand,
And L—nc—n then imagines he has land.
  My province is to ſee that all be right,
Glaſſes and linen clean, and pewter bright;

Æſtivam ſermone benigno tendere noctem.
* *

Quid non ebrietas deſignat? Operta recludit;
Spes jubet eſſe ratas; in prælia trudit inermem,
Sollicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes.
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?
Contracta quem non in paupertate ſolutum?
Hæc ego procurare et idonius imperor, et non
Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne ſordida mappa

From our myſterious club to keep out ſpies,
And Tories (dreſs'd like waiters) in diſguiſe.
You ſhall be coupled as you beſt approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
S—nd—nd, Or—rd, B—le, and R—ch—d's Grace
Will come; and H—mp—n ſhall have W—p—le's [place.
W—rt—n, unleſs prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail, and there is room for more;
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink,
And honeſt Harry is too apt to ſt—k.
Let no pretence of bus'neſs make you ſtay;
Yet take one word of counſel by the way;
If Gu—rn—ſy call, ſend word you're gone abroad,
He'll teaſe you with King Charles and Biſhop Laud,
Or make you faſt, and carry you to pray'rs;
But if he will break in, and walk up ſtairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there,
Then order Squaſh to call a hackney-chair.

Corruget nares, ne non et cantharus, et lanx,
Oſtendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
Sit qui dicta foras eliminet; ut coëat par,
Jungaturque pari. Brûtum tibi, Septimiumque,
Et, niſi cœna prior potiorque puella Sabinum
Detinet, aſſumam; locus eſt et pluribus umbris:
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu, quotus eſſe velis, reſcribe; et, rebus omiſſis,
Atria ſervantem poſtico falle clientem.

ON NOISY TOM.

--------Qui promittit, cives, urbem, ſibi curae,
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra deorum;
Quo patre ſit natus, num ignota matre inhoneſtus,
Omnes mortales curare, et quaerere cogit.
Tune Syri, Damae, aut Dionyſi filius, audes
Dejicere e ſaxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. vi. ver. 34.---39.

Tranſlated literally.

WHOEVER promiſeth (in the ſenate) to take the city (of Rome) and the citizens under his care, nay, the whole empire, Italy, and the temples of the gods; ſuch a man compelleth all mortals curiouſly to inquire from what father he ſprung, and whether his mother were ſome obſcure diſhonourable female. (The people would cry out) What, thou the ſon of Cyrus *, or Damas *, or Dionyſis *, dareſt thou caſt our citizens down the Tarpeian rock, or deliver them priſoners to Cadmus †?

PARAPHRASED.

IF Noiſy Tom ‡ ſhould in the S—n—te prate,
That he would anſwer both for church and ſtate;
And, further to demonſtrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection;

* Uſual names of ſlaves at Rome.

† Cadmus was a lictor, an officer who ſeized on criminals, like a conſtable or meſſenger of the H— of C—.

‡ Sir Thomas P———.

All mortals muſt be curious to inquire
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his ſire?
What! thou the ſpan of him * who ſham'd our iſle,
That traitor, aſſaſſin, informer vile.
Tho' by the female ſide † you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murd'rer of a king;
What was thy grandſire ‡ but a mountaineer,
Who held a cabin for ten groats a year,
Whoſe maſter, Moore ||, preſerv'd him from the halter,
For ſtealing cows, nor could he read the Pſalter?
Durſt thou, ungrateful, from the S—n—te chaſe
Thy founder's grandſon **, and uſurp his place?
Juſt Heav'n! to ſee the dunghil baſtard brood
Survive in thee, and make the proverb good ⊥.
Then vote a worthy citizen ↞ to jail,
In ſpite of juſtice, and refuſe his bail.

* The father of Sir Thomas * * * *, who engaged in a plot to murder King William III.; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer againſt his aſſociates, for which he was rewarded with a good eſtate, and made a baronet.

† C—d—g—n's family.

‡ A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell aſſizes to be hanged for ſtealing cows.

|| The grandfather of Guy Moore, Eſq. who procured him a pardon.

** Guy Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonmell; but Sir Thomas, depending upon his intereſt with a certain party then prevailing, and ſince known by the title of Parſon-hunters, petitioned the Houſe againſt him, out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be.

⊥ "Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your "throat."

↞ Mr George Faulkner, a very honeſt eminent printer in Dublin, who was voted to Newgate upon a ridiculous complaint of one Serjeant Betteſworth.

PART OF ODE IX. BOOK IV. HORACE.

ADDRESSED TO DR. WILLIAM KING,

LATE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Paulum ſepultæ, &c.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breaſt
Is inactivity at beſt,
But never ſhall the Muſe endure
To let your virtues lie obſcure,
Or ſuffer envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breaſt all wiſdom lies,
Either to govern or adviſe;
Your ſteady ſoul preſerves her frame
In good and evil times the ſame.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
Stand in your ſacred preſence aw'd;
Your hand alone from gold abſtains,
Which drags the ſlaviſh world in chains.
  Him for a happy man I own
Whoſe fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he who wiſely knows
To uſe the gift that Heav'n beſtows;
Or, if it pleaſe the pow'rs divine,
Can ſuffer want and not repine.
The man who, infamy to ſhun,
Into the arms of Death would run,
That man is ready to defend
With life his country or his friend.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

Written in the year 1724.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

I.

Those Dreams that on the ſilent night intrude,
And with falſe flitting ſhades our minds delude,
Jove never ſends us downward from the ſkies,
Nor can they from infernal manſions riſe,
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools conſult interpreters in vain.

II.

For when in bed we reſt our weary limbs,
The mind unburthen'd ſports in various whims;
The buſy head with mimic art runs o'er
The ſcenes and actions of the day before.

III.

The drowſy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes ſome patriot's head:
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he ſpilt.

IV.

The ſoldier ſmiling hears the widow's cries,
And ſtabs the ſon before the mother's eyes:
With like remorſe his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

V.

The ſtateſman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treaſon got:
Nor leſs Tom T—dman, of true ſtateſman mould,
Collects the city-filth in ſearch of gold.

VI.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer ſees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees:
His fellow pick-purſe, watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

VII.

The kind phyſician grants the huſband's pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long expecting heirs:
The ſleeping hangman ties the fatal nooſe,
Nor unſucceſsful waits for dead men's ſhoes.

VIII.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text;
While the ſly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

IX.

The hireling ſenator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauſeous praiſe;
And Dick the ſcavenger, with equal grace,
Flirts from his cart the mud in W—l—le's face.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

PARAPHRASED,

AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND.

Written in the year 1725,-6.

The Inſcription.

Poor floting Iſle! toſs'd on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by Fate to be the land of ſlaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted ſtand;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Altho' the metaphor be worn and ſtale,
Betwixt a ſtate and veſſel under ſail,
Let me ſuppoſe thee for a ſhip a while,
And thus addreſs thee in the ſailor's ſtyle.

---

1. UNHAPPY Ship! thou art return'd in vain,
New waves ſhall drive thee to the deep again;
Look to thyſelf, and be no more the ſport
2. Of giddy winds, but make ſome friendly port.
3. Loſt are thy oars, that uſ'd thy courſe to guide,
Like faithful counſellors on either ſide.

---

1. O Navis! referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.
2. —— Fortiter occupa
Portum.——
3. Nudum remigio latus.

4. Thy maſt, which like ſome aged patriot ſtood
The ſingle pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a ſtaff directs the blind,
Behold! it cracks by yon' rough eaſtern wind.
5. Your cables burſt, and you muſt quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the ſtrong cords of union once are broke;
6. Torn by a ſudden tempeſt is thy ſail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.
As when ſome writer in a public cauſe
His pen to ſave a ſinking nation draws,
While all is calm his arguments prevail,
The people's voice expands his paper ſail,
Till Pow'r, diſcharging all her ſtormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags;
The nation ſcar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his truſt in pop'lar breath.
A larger ſacrifice in vain you vow;
7. There's not a pow'r above will help you now:

---

4. — Malus celeri ſaucius Africo.
5. — Ac ſine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Poſſint imperioſius
Æquor?
6. Non tibi ſunt integra lintea,
7. Non dii, quos iterum preſſa voces malo.

A nation thus, who oft' Heav'n's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heav'n relief expects.
8. 'Twill not avail, when thy ſtrong ſides are broke,
That thy deſcent is from the Britiſh oak,
Or when your name and family you boaſt
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coaſt.
Such was Ierne's claim, as juſt as thine,
Her ſons deſcended from the Britiſh line;
Her matchleſs ſons, whoſe valour ſtill remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns;
Yet from an empreſs now a captive grown,
She ſav'd Britannia's rights and loſt her own.
9. In ſhips decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded ſtern and painted ſides;
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birthday-night;
They on the bold brocades and ſatins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was enſlav'd.
10. Dear Veſſel! ſtill be to thy ſteerage juſt,
Nor change thy courſe with ev'ry ſudden guſt,
Like ſupple patriots of the modern ſort,
Who turn with ev'ry gale that blows from court.

---

8. Quamvis Ponticæ pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis.
9. Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
10. Fidit; tu, niſi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

II. Weary and ſea-ſick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy ſafety cares diſtract my mind.
As thoſe who long have ſtood the ſtorms of ſtate
Retire, yet ſtill bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the ſurges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry ſhore;
They lie, alas! too eaſy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the iſland round.

II. Nuper ſollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc deſiderium curaque non levis,
Interfuſa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

AN ACCOUNT

OF A MONUMENT

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

DR. SWIFT IN IRELAND.

TO MR. GEORGE FAULKNER.

SIR, *Neale, Feb.* 14. 1750.

I HAVE at laſt finiſhed what you have often heard me wiſh I might be able to do, a Monument for the greateſt genius of our age, the late Dean of St. Patrick's. The thing in itſelf is but a trifle, but it is more than I ſhould ever have attempted, had I not with indignation ſeen a country (ſo honoured by the birth of ſo great a man, and ſo faithfully ſerved by him all his life) ſo long and ſo ſhamefully negligent in erecting ſome monument of gratitude to his memory. Countries are not wiſe in ſuch neglect, for they hurt themſelves. Men of genius are encouraged to apply their talents to the ſervice of their country, when they ſee in it gratitude to the memory of thoſe who have deſerved well of them. The ingenious Pere Caſtle told me at Paris, that he reckoned it the greateſt misfortune to him that he was not born an Engliſhman; and, when he explained himſelf, it was only for this,

that after two hundred years they had erected a monument to Shakeſpeare, and another to a modern, but to the greateſt of them, Sir Iſaac Newton. Great ſouls are very diſintereſted in the affairs of life; they look for fame and immortality, ſcorning the mean paths of intereſt and lucre: and, ſurely, in an age ſo mercenary as our's, men ſhould not be ſo ſparing to give public marks of their gratitude to men of ſuch virtue dead, however they may treat them living, ſince in ſo doing they beſpeak, and almoſt enſure, to themſelves a ſucceſſion of ſuch uſeful perſons in ſociety. It was with this view that I have determined to throw in my mite.

In a fine lawn below my houſe I have planted an hippodrome: it is a circular plantation, conſiſting of five walks, the central of which is a horſe-courſe, and three rounds make exactly a mile. All the lines are ſo laid out, that, from the centre, the ſix rows of trees appear but one, and form a hundred arches round the field; in the centre of which I have erected a mount, and placed a marble column on its proper pedeſtal, with all the decorations of the order; on the ſummit of which I have placed a Pegaſus, juſt ſeeming to take flight to the heavens; and, on the dye of the pedeſtal I have engraved the following inſcription, written by an ingenious friend.

IN MEMORIAM IONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.

VIRI SINE PARI.

Aonidum fontes aperis, divine Poeta,
Arte nova: æthereas propriis, ut Pegaſus, alis
Scande domos: æternum addet tua fama columnæ
Huic memori decus. Hic, tanti quam poſſumus umbram
Nominis in mentem ſacro revocare quotannis
Ludorum ritu juvat; hic tibi parvus honorum
Offertur cumulus: laudum quo fine tuarum
Copia claudatur qui quærit, gentis Iernæ
Pectora ſcrutetur, latumque interroget orbem.

MDCCL.

I have alſo appointed a ſmall fund for annual premiums to be diſtributed in the celebration of games at the Monument yearly. The ceremony is to laſt three days, beginning the firſt of May yearly. On this day young maids and men in the neighbourhood are to aſſemble in the hippodrome, with their garlands and chaplets of flowers, and to dance round the Monument, ſinging the praiſes of this ingenious patriot, and ſtrewing with flowers all the place; after which they are to dance for a prize; the beſt dancer among the maids is to be preſented with a cap and ribands; and after the dance the young men are to run for a hat and gloves.

The ſecond day there is to be a large market upon

the ground; and the moſt regular reel and count is to have a guinea premium; and the perſon who buys the greateſt quantity of yarn is to have a premium of two guineas.

The third day the farmer who produces the beſt yearling calf of his own breed is to have two guineas premium; and he that produces the faireſt colt or filly, of his own breed likewiſe, not over two years old, ſhall receive a premium of two guineas alſo.—Thus the whole will not exceed ten pounds, and all theſe uſeful branches of our growth and manufacture will be encouraged, in remembering the patron who with ſo much care and tenderneſs recommended them to others, and cheriſhed them himſelf.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

J. B.

A PORTRAIT OF DR. SWIFT,

Presented to the University of Oxford,

BY THE LATE JOHN BARBER, ESQ.

Is placed in the Picture Gallery there, with this inscription.

IONATHAN SWIFT,
DECAN. S. PATRIC. DVBL.
Effigiem viri Mvsis amicissimi
Ingenio prorsvs sibi proprio celeberrimi,
Vt ipsvm svis Oxoniensibvs aliqvatenvs
Redonaret,
Parietem habere volvit Bodleianvm,
A. D. MDCCXXXIX,
Iohannes Barber, Armiger,
Aldermannvs,
Nec ita pridem Prætor Londinensis.

THE FOREGOING

IN ENGLISH.

JONATHAN SWIFT,
DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.
This Portrait of the Mufes' friend,
Of a happy turn of wit, peculiar to himfelf,
That he might in fome fort be reftored to his
Oxford friends,
Was placed in the wall of the Bodleian Gallery,
A. D. MDCCXXXIX,
At the defire of John Barber, Efq. Alderman,
And fome time Lord Mayor of London.

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